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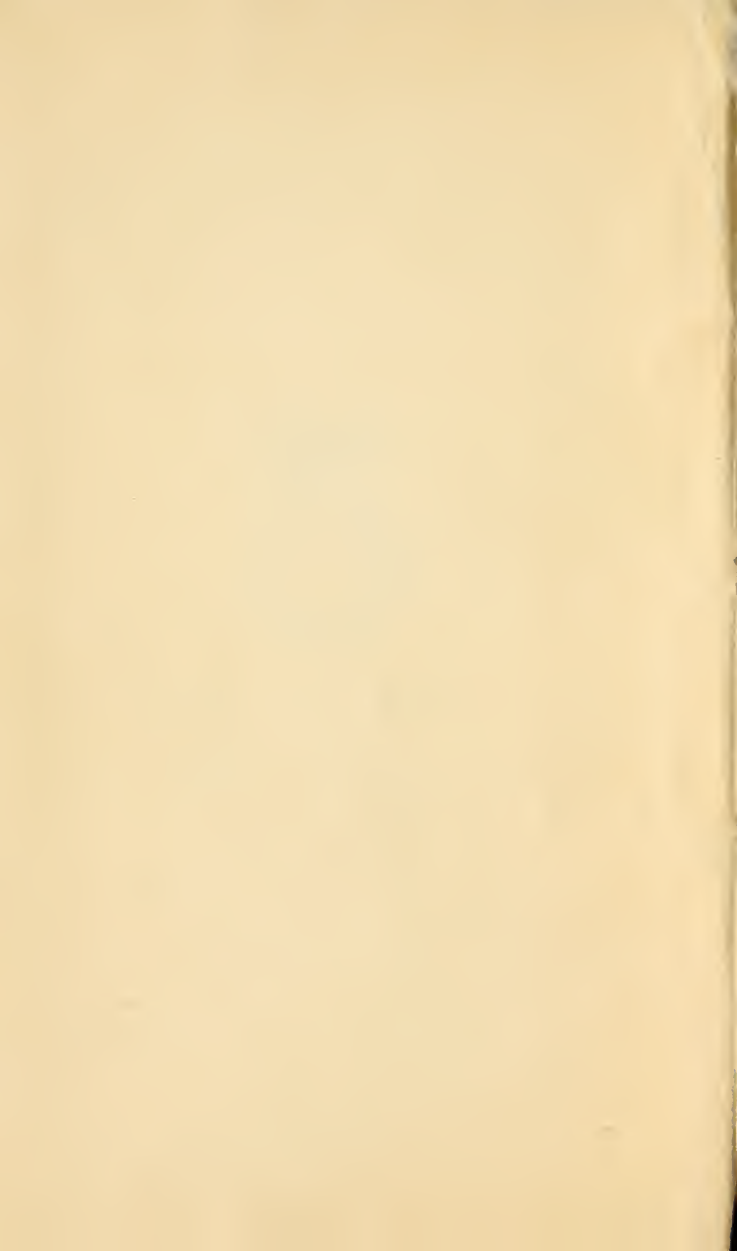
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INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF JOHN EDSALL.

“ And mine has been the fate of those
“ To whom the goodly earth and air
“ Are bann’d and barr’d—forbidden fare.”

CATSKILL: F
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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1831.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In presenting the following work to the public, the editor would frankly confess his incompetency to the task of compilement, trifling as it may appear, and trifling as it truly is. The youth of the narrator at the time when he launched out upon the world, and the almost unbroken succession of misfortunes which, for a number of years, appeared to mark him out as their victim, are circumstances which require the pen of an able biographer—the pen of one who could have told how he had committed his bark to a summer sea, whose waves were still, and whose sands were sparkling, and how the storm had destroyed the bright images which were pencilled upon its glassy surface; how he had fancifully dressed the *upas* of the desert in garlands, to approach and pluck which, was death; how bitterness had mantled upon the brim of that cup which he had fondly supposed was filled with sweets; how thorns, sharp and deadly as the poisoned rapier of *Laertes*,

were mingled with the flowers which seemed springing up in his path ; and how he had tasted of the "golden apple whose core was ashes." But it is not so. The tale has been told by one perhaps less gifted with imaginative talent than most persons. It has been told in homely style and perhaps unintelligibly. As it is, he offers it for your perusal, in the earnest hope that your lot and his may be cast in pleasant places, and that the sufferings and privations which he has endeavored to record, may never embitter the life of either.

J. D. P.

APÖLOGY.

The inclemency of the past winter, preventing frequent interviews with the subject of the following pages, and a belief that the editor's road to fame might not be traced immediately through *this* biography, will serve, in part, as an apology for the disconnected style in which it may be written, and when joined with his total inexperience in such matters, will form a very tolerable excuse.

The truth is, there was a book to be made, and the reader will be good enough to bear in mind, that any deficiency in matter, in the "inward man," is supplied by the unusual quantum of sheepskin upon the cover. There is but little doubt that those who purchase will get the worth of their money, and upon laying down the work, exclaim with the Scotchman, "there is aye milk enough for the parritch."







The following Certificate from Gentlemen of high standing in community, will satisfy those who are unacquainted with Mr. Edsall, that his narrative is deserving of the fullest credit.

WE the undersigned, are acquainted with MR. JOHN EDSALL of Catskill, and believe that a narrative of events, written or dictated by him, will be substantially correct, and should be entitled to unlimited credit.

B. W. DWIGHT,
HENRY McKINSTRY,
EZRA HAWLEY,
JOHN ADAMS,
CHARLES BAKER,
HORATIO GATES,
BENJ. HAXTUN,
THOMAS HALE,
P. BREASTED,
HORACE WILLARD,
M. CROSWELL,
T. O'H. CROSWELL,
JOSEPH ALLEN,
WM'S. SEAMAN.

Catskill, March 12, 1831.



INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF JOHN EDSALL.

CHAPTER I.

The place of my nativity boasts no celebrity ; indeed, so little is it known or renowned, that I have searched unsuccessfully in a number of gazetteers for a bare mention of it, and to make up for the oversight of geographers, only, I now notice it.

The "English Neighborhood" is situated in New-Jersey, and is, as far as my recollections extend, a very pleasant little place ; at least it so seems to me, for with the remembrance are associated pleasing feelings of youthful happiness, before I became acquainted with the toils and hardships, disappointments and sorrows which have, in so rapid succession, chequered my subsequent life.

I was born at this place, May 1, 1788. My father owned a small farm there, and upon this I worked as much as I could at my age. My parents were not wealthy, and owing to their indigent circumstances, I received no schooling, but grew up until I arrived at the age of ten years, in ignorance, without any knowledge of books or letters.

At the time I attained this age, my brother-in-law, named Samuel Gibbons, came to my father's to pay a visit. While here he gave me an animated description of the manner of life in New-York, and by repeated conversations, he so completely filled my brain with visions of future greatness, all of which were to be realised in the metropolis, and for which nature had undoubtedly fashioned me, that I entreated my father to allow me to accompany him to the city. After some time he consented, upon condition that Gibbons should take me as an apprentice and send me to school, which was promised. This promise was not performed, for immediately upon arriving at New-York, I was apprenticed to John Fink, (a butcher) who was not remarkable as a man of science, and did not care that his workmen should be.

I merely mention this want of education as a reason why the following narrative may not be accurate as to dates, and beg the reader to bear in mind that it rendered me unable to keep a journal of events as they transpired.

Five and a half years elapsed, during which I learned to swear and butcher, without any thing worthy of record occurring, when a little difficulty with Mr. Fink's better half happened. The circumstances of this difficulty it is not necessary here to state; it is sufficient to say, that I left the service of Mr. Fink and his household, and "the world was all before me, where to choose."

I worked with Daniel Winship about nine months longer, when feeling a disposition to ramble, I proceeded up the North river in company with a young man named John Stembler. At Troy we applied for work at the slaughter-house of Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, now a resident of this village, and known at that time, as well as the present, by the familiar appellation of "Uncle Nat." He did not appear disposed to give us employment, as he believed we were too young to do much labor. We asked him to try us, which he did, and we acquitted ourselves so well that he retained us the remainder of the season of slaughtering, when we left his service with feelings of regret, and returned to New-York. I here went to work with John Fink again, and in his employ I remained until I was villainously sold to assist in furthering the views of a set of aspiring men in overturning the laws and government of a country with which they had nothing to do, and whose inhabitants cursed them for the pretended protestations of liberation from laws better than they themselves were capable of framing.

As this part of my life has been the most painful, and attended by the greatest number of hardships and sufferings, it will not be surprising that in speaking of it my feelings may be somewhat accrimonious, or that resentment at the cruel deception practiced upon me should break out into something like execrations.

Four months after my return from Troy, Mr. Fink wished to engage me, ostensibly, to guard the mail,

which had been robbed somewhere between New-Orleans and Washington. He said that he had orders to hire a guard, from the general government, and representing the pay as handsome and the duty light, I was induced to enter the service, together with fifteen other butcher boys.

Shortly before the vessel in which we were to embark was ready to sail, Mrs. Fink advised me to take my clothes and go over to New-Jersey, and remain there until the vessel had sailed, and concluded by telling me that nothing would be said about it on my return. This advice I did not take, a desire to see the world weighing against all my fears of danger. This desire has been fully gratified, my acquaintance with the world has been intimate, and I freely confess that I have now no wish for a closer view of its roughest spots.

CHAPTER II.

On the second of February, 1806, I embarked on board the ship *Leander*, at New-York. This vessel belonged, I think, to the firm of Smith and Ogden. Our passage was pleasant, and nothing remarkable occurred for three or four days. The first strange object that I saw, was a man about six feet high, dressed in a red morning gown and slippers, and I know not why, I began to feel suspicious that we were more likely to be going to *rob* the mail than to *guard* it.

This man would be called robust, were it not for a paleness of countenance almost unearthly. His hair was silver white, and he was remarkable for large quantity of hair or whiskers growing from the inside of his ears. His hair was tied behind and powdered, and altogether he was a man whose appearance was not to me prepossessing.

Not knowing before that any person other than those whom I had already seen, was on board, I very naturally made some enquiries, and found that this personage was no other than GENERAL MIRANDA, of whom I had previously known little, and from whose appearance I did not care of knowing more. Immediately upon coming from the cabin, he entered into a conversation with the officers, without noticing us. He was the most restless person in conversation that I ever saw, his feet or hands being continually in motion.

Shortly after the appearance of this *phantom*, we were hailed by the British frigate *Cleopatra*, Captain Wright, (see Appendix A.) Upon heaving to, we were boarded by one of her officers. Our crew were marshalled upon the deck, and his Britannic Majesty's lieutenant choosing a certain number of them, and also *choosing* to call them Irishmen, took them with him on board the *Cleopatra*. General Miranda accompanied him, and stayed on board the frigate through the night. Upon his return, next morning, he brought with him a number of men corresponding to the number taken from us, who he pronounced to be American seamen. This might have been true, yet the exchange reminded me much (to use a homely sailors' phrase) of "swapping a black dog for a monkey." But as they did not ask *boot*, we came off better than might have been expected.

I was by this time thoroughly convinced that the story of guarding the mail was a fabrication, from the despotic acts of authority exercised by our officers, and from the length of our passage; but as all conversation upon the subject was prohibited, we had nothing to do but wait the issue in silence.

On the fifteenth of February, we arrived at Jaquemel. At this place a printing press was set up, the tri-colored flag hoisted, and proclamations issued by General Miranda, addressed to the South Americans, the subject of which was the *fancied* wrongs sustained by the natives from the Spanish government, commiseration

for their sufferings and huge promises of assistance in throwing off the yoke of despotism.

The cloven foot of the expedition in which I had innocently became an actor, now protruded from under the cloak of kindness which Mr. John Fink had graciously thrown over it, and I determined to effect my escape, if possible. Guarding mails, or even *females*, appeared like *items* when compared with the grand sum total of this crazy expedition.

It was reported that the Cleopatra would join us here, together with a merchant vessel called the Emperor; but days and weeks elapsed, and nothing was heard from them, and the ardor of General Miranda began to flag. The first burst of passion (mistaken for enthusiasm) had exhausted itself, and the natives began to enquire whether they would be in any better situation, were they to exchange the government of his Catholic Majesty for that of General Miranda. It is not my intention to write a history of the expedition.—My knowledge, although personal, was more limited than perhaps that of most of my readers, and as its political complexion, if it had any, was the theme of scribblers and newsmongers, and occupied a conspicuous place in all the journals of the day, I shall refer to them for information. My business is to tell a story of individual sufferings and hardships, and I care as little about any thing beyond that, in relation to General Miranda or his projects, as I do about the color of Mr. Jefferson's breeches, which was, I believe, also a matter of some dispute among the sapient editors of the day

The officers were here commissioned by the General, and oaths administered to be faithful to the people of South America, to obey the orders of a constitutional government and its officers, and to be governed by the articles of war of the United States, with alterations to suit the *meridian* of any place.

Captain Wright and Major Smith went to Port au Prince for the purpose of learning, if possible, what had become of the two expected vessels, but returned without hearing from either of them. They, however, procured two schooners, the Bee and the Bacchus. The latter they said they chartered; but the former was *stolen*, or in other words, "they *pressed* her;" and altogether, we were a formidable squadron. When a boy, I have alarmed a whole pond of ducks with a parcel of *paper gun-boats*, but we soon found that we had mistaken the pond in this instance, for though our adversaries resembled ducks from their eternal "quacking," yet they evinced very little disposition for "*waddling*."

I was now transferred from the Leander to the schooner Bee; and soon after this transfer, a plan was concerted by a small number of us to effect our escape, if possible. We seized the boat at night, and rowed to the shore. A reward having been offered for the capture of any sailors who might be seen on shore, and for their return to the vessel, the negroes were on the alert, so that we enjoyed but a few hours' liberty, were taken, carried on board the vessel and put in double irons for two days, for the crime of seeking that freedom which our general had promised to the natives, and which pro-

mise it is lucky for them that he did not fulfil, as liberty in leading-strings or safety-chains is no very great matter, at least I, for one, never fancied it.

We stayed at Jaquemel about six weeks, when we sailed for the island of Bonaire. Our voyage was one of uninteresting events. We had, however, some little exercising, by way of straddling the bowsprit and enacting the sword exercise.

O, we were brave fellows! We cut the air into inch pieces; and had that element been composed of cloth, it would have looked like a slashed doublet, after one of our valorous combats with it. Don Quixotte's encounter with the wind-mill was a fool to our performances.

Owing to the ignorance of our pilot, we found ourselves far to the leward of Bonaire, with current and wind against us, and were obliged to put into the island of Aruba, a small island in the bay of Venezuela, at that time subject to the Dutch, and which we reached early in April. We were here all taken on shore, and paraded. We again went through the sword exercise and were also drilled with muskets, General Miranda reviewing us. Falstaff says, "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet:" but, although we had nothing to boast of, *our* commander immediately raised our pay from fifteen to thirty dollars per month. By this I mean that he *agreed* to do so.

We had by this time learned that we were not going to our original destination, and did not like this shew

of liberality, as we were not made acquainted with the dirty work which we might be required to do.

Immediately after returning to the vessel, we set sail for Caraccas, on the gulph of Mexico, in the province of Venezuela.

We had by this time made up our minds, individually, to escape; but we had no means, neither the courage to act in concert. Our discipline was extremely rigorous, and we feared that we should be overheard by our officers, if we dared assemble in squads to communicate to each other our ideas or feelings upon the subject of liberating ourselves. I know not when I have felt myself in such a dilemma.—Forced from home by the misrepresentations of a villain, (it is a harsh term but a true one) before I knew it, I found myself engaged in a piratical war, with a country against which I had never entertained a bitter feeling, against the laws of my own country, my conscience and my God. Which way I turned my eyes, death stared me full in the face. The Spaniards would certainly immolate me, if they caught me; I could not fly for refuge to my own country, whose laws I believed I had unwittingly broken; escape seemed the only course, and this was one which I had not the means of pursuing.

Two of my shipmates, Henry Sperry and Benjamin Davis, undertook to plan our escape, and ascertain the minds of the crew, all of whom they found resolved to get off, if possible.

All things were concerted, and the time and manner of attempt decided upon, when we had the mortification

to receive orders to come up with the *Leander* and to keep close to her. These orders were received only a few hours before the time appointed for carrying our plan into operation, and of course, defeated our hopes.

This night was spent by me in unpleasant reflections upon the failure of our enterprise and dark forebodings of the future: so that it can easily be imagined that my feelings were not of the most pleasing kind, upon discovering two small, armed Spanish vessels, called *Guarda Costas*, whose appearance was decidedly hostile, at about ten o'clock the following morning.

As soon as they were seen by the *Leander*, she hailed us, and ordered us to engage them on the leeward side. The *Leander* was to attack them upon the windward and to board them.

We obeyed the order, and having fairly got *warmed up*, took no notice of our consort until we had almost come within gun-shot, when looking about for the *Leander* and our brave general, we saw that they, believing "discretion to be the better part of valor," had hauled down their courses and were making off with all possible speed, leaving us to make the best of a bad bargain.

If we had received any intimation that there was to be any running, we might easily have escaped, as the *Bee* was the fastest sailor of our three vessels.

One of the Spanish vessels chased the *Leander*, but could not overtake her, and returned to assist the other in making sure of us. We started the water in the hold and threw over a part of our ballast, for the purpose of

following the example of the courageous MIRANDA, but all to no purpose. We tossed over our guns, also, but it would not do; and having deprived ourselves of the means of defence in our anxiety to escape, we could not but expect to fall helpless victims to these merciless Spaniards.

After getting within gun-shot, one of the vessels poured into us a broadside of cannon balls, which fortunately killed no one but Captain Huddle, who came on board at Jaquemel; but the crew all ran below at this salute, excepting David Winton, Joseph Paulding and myself. As they came nearer to us, they gave us a volley of musket balls, which whistled past us, cutting our rigging considerably; but providentially we escaped unhurt. They now rounded to, and getting out their jolly-boat, boarded us upon our starboard side. David Winton, being upon that side, was immediately knocked down by a blow from a cutlass, taken by the waistband of his pantaloons and thrown head foremost down into the hold, a depth of about ten feet, upon the remainder of our stone ballast.

Startled at this unceremonious treatment, Paulding and myself, who were upon the larboard side of the deck, plunged overboard, and I regret to say, that he was drowned, although it may be better that he was saved from the sufferings which were the lot of those who survived him. When I rose to the surface, I discovered a man standing upon the deck, holding (as I then supposed) a cocked pistol, directed at my head. I immediately *dove*, to dodge the ball, and remained under the wa-

ter until I was obliged to rise for breath. Upon my second emersion, I was beckoned to come on board by one of the Spanish officers, and being assured by their pacific motions, I swam to the jolly-boat, which was towed at the schooner's stern. Here I experienced the first instance of humane treatment which I had for some time received. Being wet and chilled with cold, the keeper of the boat kindly threw over me his coat, which not only warmed my body, but infused a warmth into my heart. I felt better satisfied with all around me, and began to believe that I had done well by exchanging the service of MIRANDA for that of a prisoner to Spaniards.

The boat was now ordered along side the vessel, and I was taken on board. It was decided to take us to Porto-Cavallo, and I was directed to make a square sail for the schooner, the wind being fair for entering the harbor. After finishing the sail, I was ordered to set it, which I did, and was immediately after taken below and confined.

I now had leisure for rumination, but alas! for a *single* thought or idea. Myriads danced rapidly through my brain, but not a detached one could I catch. Hopes, fears, recollections, anticipations, were crowded together as thickly as stockjobbers at the opening of the railroad books, and I only found relief from their oppression, by a short, oft-broken slumber.

CHAPTER III.

At about midnight we reached Porto-Cavallo. We were called upon deck and our hands tied behind us.— We were then lifted over the vessel's side, and suffered to drop into the boat like sacks. We had no chance to pick out the place for alighting, and he was lucky who fell upon his more unfortunate messmate. This summary debarkation was completed, with a few sprains, some barked shins, and one or two dislocations of joints, and we soon found ourselves ashore at Porto-Cavallo.

My first welcome was from an old Spaniard. He was dried up like a beef's tongue, shabbily dressed, and wore an old hat without a brim, and I believe destitute of a top to its crown. He stepped up to me, and without saying so much as "by your leave," took my hat (a very good one) from my head, and replacing it by his own, remarked in broken English, "*A very good change, Jack.*" This singular way of transferring property did not please me altogether; but my hands were tied, not only by *fear*, but with *cords*. The old fellow probably thought that I was not long to keep my head, and of course would not want a hat; and so I forgave him. My stay was so short, above ground, at this place that I can give no geographical description of it. By looking on the map you will find it on the coast of Carraccas. It is famous for nothing but its gloomy dungeons, and from having once been attacked by the Eng-

lish, who were, however, repulsed. (This was before my time.) We were now chained in pairs, and driven to the dungeons of Saint Phillip's Castle, into which we were thrown.

We were about sixty in number, and were equally divided and put into two vaults, and so small were these apartments, that we had scarcely room to lay down at one time.

The imagination of the reader must assist in filling up the picture of these dismal cells : no words can be found for a description of them. Memory shrinks from a review of their loathsome and disgusting stench and filth, and sickness, suffocation and death.

A fellow sufferer (Mr. Smith,) thus describes it: "The living sepulchre in which we were immured was a dark cavity in the massy wall of the castle, sunk far below the surface of the soil. When it rained, which was often, the water soaked through the foundation ; and when wearied nature gave way to a desire of repose, we sank under our chains, to wallow in filth, and mud, and mire. Above, and on every side of this vault, a dew or sweat trickled down, and when, after a few days, our clothes had rotted from our backs, upon scraping the moisture from our bodies with the edge of our hands, it fell in streams to the earth.

"When we were first thrown in, there were a few small holes for light and ventillation, high above the door, but these, from caution or cruelty, our keepers closed up."

Happy was he who could get a chance at the key-hole or the crack beneath the door: for although this was perhaps not the most fragrant air that ever "breathed over a bed of violets," yet it answered the end of keeping life in us, and none of us had a desire to die "before our time came."

"It is strange how long life may be supported in cases of such extreme misery. One only expired under the tortures of suffocation: this was Captain Durning. He bore up bravely for three days, but the fourth put a period to his sufferings and his existence. How we survived I know not; we ate nothing of consequence; we wasted to skeletons. We were reserved for other sufferings, and the hand of death passed over us like shadows."

Thus much have I taken the liberty of borrowing from the narrative of a fellow sufferer, because I do not like, myself, to dwell upon the *horrible*. Those who are disposed to be *sceptical*, or who think that the case might not have been so hard with us, are respectfully invited to "*try for themselves*."

An order was received to convey us to the city of Caraccas. But five were sent, however, and they returned after going as far as Valencia. The reason why this order was countermanded, I never knew. I have always supposed that the government believed the natives to be more favorably disposed towards General Miranda than they actually were, and feared that we might be

rescued upon our passage from Porto-Cavallo to Carraccas.

While in prison at Porto-Cavallo, money and clothing were brought to the doors of the castle, directed to John Smith, who was at this time on board the *Leander*. My resemblance to him was so great, that I had been mistaken for him; and this was an artifice to induce me to own the name—my own name being believed to be assumed. I was advised by some of my companions to do so, but I refused, very fortunately, for it afterwards appeared that he was considered highly criminal by the Spaniards, and to have taken his name would have been certain death to me.

In the latter part of June, or first of July, we were taken out of our dungeons, to be tried for the crimes of piracy and rebellion. The place of trial was a large hall upon the top of the wall, open at each end, to admit the air to pass freely through it. Our chains hindered us in climbing up the stone stairs leading to the hall, and we were carried up them.

Morning is not more welcome to the sick man, whose dreams have been of death, nor tidings of a long absent lover to a pining maiden, than was to us the untainted air of heaven which revelled through this hall of justice, and disdained not to kiss the cheeks of the wretched beings who stood there to answer why the earth should not be rid of them, and the hour in which they should be no more, pronounced.

I was examined by the lieutenant-governor of Caracas. He appeared to be willing to give us a fair trial, and had more humanity in his countenance than any other one of the judges.

I was at first asked what religious faith I had been educated in. Upon replying that my parents were Methodists, I was sworn upon the Bible. The Catholics were sworn by the sign of the cross. After taking the oath I was asked if I was not the son of John Smith of New-York. I replied that I was not. The interrogator did not seem to credit my story, and remarked, that if I were not, it was strange that money, clothing and other necessities had been sent to me. I persisted in saying that I was not the man, but told the interpreter that John Smith, for whom they wished me to suffer, was on board the *Leander* and out of their reach. I was then sent back to my dungeon. Five times was I dragged before this judge, and threats, entreaties and promises made use of, to induce me to assume this name. At my last examination, finding me resolved upon this subject, they proceeded to inquire what I had to say in extenuation of having been taken in fighting against them, in an attempt to overthrow the government of that country? I told them that I had been foully deceived, and betrayed into the expedition—that nothing was farther from my thoughts, than leaving my own country to fight against another—that I was unacquainted with the fact that Gen. Miranda was on board the vessel when I embarked at New-York, and that I knew nothing of him or his views, until we were fairly

engaged—that I had endeavoured to make my escape twice, but had not succeeded, and that I had not struck a blow in the engagement.

Little credit was given to the story. The Judge said he could not believe that in any civilized country, men could be betrayed so basely, that the laws of any country would require the head of the offender, and that unless I could tell some story, the truth of which would be more probable, that our case was truly a hard one. He asked us why we did not, when we found ourselves about to engage with a Spanish vessel, surrender, if we did not like the service of MIRANDA? I answered that we were so strictly disciplined, and were so totally unacquainted with naval warfare, that we could not do so, that we had long wished to escape and rather chose to be taken than to remain as we then were, that we were Americans, and that not having been able to effect our own deliverance, we would not flinch in the hour of danger, as the name of coward and American could not be linked. I also told him that I knew but one story, and that was true, and that I would not forge another to save a life, which had been one of sorrows, and hardly worth preserving honestly, and certainly one which should not end in falsehood.

We were so carefully watched in our answers, that Lieutenant Farquarson was sentenced to death for some little inconsistency in one point of his story.

After being remanded to our dungeons, a great deal of pains was taken to procure information against any of the natives who might be in the interest of, or con-

nected with MIRANDA. The guards mingled with the prisoners, and by repeated conversations, endeavoured to catch some inadvertent expression, that might tend to criminate either the prisoner, or any of the inhabitants, but in vain. We who had been engaged by Mr. Fink, knew nothing; and if the others did, they did not divulge the secret. While we were being tried, the prisoners were separated; some were put into cells by squads of three or four. Some were confined in solitary dungeons, and one officer was put in the stocks. I remained in my old situation, rendered rather more comfortable from being thinned of its numbers, but no way improved in appearance. Not a chair, or bench, or bed, or blanket was allowed us. The damp cold earth was our table, our seat, and our resting place.

When the first five were taken to trial, they agreed to give us a signal upon their passing our doors, as to their probable fate. I believed that we should be killed by the bayonet or shot, from the additional number of troops by which the castle was invested, and who we could see from the crack in our door. Others believed we should be hanged, and this belief was strengthened upon seeing the prisoners, above mentioned, put their hands to their necks as they passed our dungeon on their way from their examination.

I now began to feel rather unpleasant, not that my life had been so happy, as to wish for its being lengthened, but to be condemned in a foreign land, to die without having committed a crime, to have my head exposed to the gaze of the rabble, and to be branded in

life with the name of *traitor* and *pirate*, and to have my remains insulted by strangers, tried my heart. I thought of the home of my childhood—I thought of the fond tenderness of my mother, of the paternal care of my father. I called to mind the anguish which would spring up in the bosom of her who gave me birth, when it was told her that she had nursed a *pirate*, and of the grey hairs of my parent, which would go down in sorrow to the grave, at the thought that the son from whom he had expected consolation and support in his evening of life, had died the death of a common malefactor, and I wept that there would be none to wipe off these foul aspersions from my character.

CHAPTER IV.

We remained in our dungeon for about two weeks longer, when we were taken out, as we supposed, to end our sufferings with our lives, as we were told by our interpreter to "come out and be hanged."

We were led through a long passage, in the centre of which hung the rotten carcase of a man in an iron gibbet, encased by a wooden frame or cage. The flesh had become completely putrid, and was dropping, and hanging from the bones. The smell was of that deadly description, which no carcase, so much as that of a human being, emits. Whether this was hung here for the purpose of terrifying us, or for what other reason it may have been placed so immediately in our way, I know not, at any rate, to pass through the gangway or passage, it was necessary to stoop, to go beneath it. After getting to the outside of the prison, we found ourselves confronted by a large body of soldiers, with their muskets and fixed bayonets pointed directly at us. They divided into two lines, and between them we were ordered to kneel, our irons so arranged as to couple us at the ancles. I now supposed that our time had come to die, as one file of the armed men were stationed in front, with their muskets pointed immediately at us.

We soon found that we had been placed in this situation, only to hear our sentence read to us. A few mili-

tary officers, priests, and an interpreter, performed this office as follows. The names of ten of our number, who were all officers under General Miranda, were then called, viz :

Lewis Farquarson,	Daniel Kemper,
Charles Johnson,	John Ferris,
Miles L. Hall,	James Gardner,
Thomas A. Billap,	Thomas Donahue,
Gustavus A. Berguad,	Paul T. George.

The following sentence was read to them from a paper, by the interpreter.

“On the morning of to-morrow, (July 21st,) at six o'clock, you and each of you, are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until you are dead ; after which your heads are to be severed from your bodies, placed upon poles and distributed for exposure in the most public parts of the country,” &c.

I never saw men who met the sentence of death with so much calmness. Worn down and emaciated as they were, they evinced nothing like fear, but proudly and firmly did they hear their sentence pronounced, and shewed that death came to them more as a friend, than as a spoiler.

The next fourteen were the company in which I was classed. We were then called as follows :

John T. Sullivan,	John Edsall,
Jeremiah Powell,	Henry Ingersoll,
John H. Sherman,	Thomas Gill,

David Hakle,
John Moore,
John M. Elliott,
Robert Sanders,

John Hays,
Daniel McKay,
Bennet B. Negus,
Peter Naulty.

I believed that our fate would be similar to that of the ten before mentioned, and after hearing our sentence, I think I should willingly have exchanged situations with them.

We were to be imprisoned, in irons, in the castle of Omoah, near the bay of Honduras, at hard labour, for ten years, after which time we were not to be permitted to leave the country, unless it should be the pleasure of his catholic majesty.

The next set were the following persons, viz :

Wm. W. Lippencott,
Moses Smith,
Stephen Burtis,
Phineas Raymond,
Matthew Buchanan,
John Burk,
John Parsels,

Joseph Bennet,
David Winton,
Eaton Burlington,
John Scott,
James Grant,
Alexander Buchanan,
Frederick Rigus.

These were sentenced to imprisonment, chains, and hard labour at Port Rico, upon the island of that name, one of the West Indian Islands, fifty miles east of Hispaniola, and which belongs to the Spaniards.

Nineteen more, named

William Long,
Benjamin Davis,

Samuel Price,
Elory King,

Joseph L. Heckle,	Hugh Smith,
Henry Sperry,	Abram Head,
David Newberry,	James Hyatt,
William Cartwright,	William Pride,
Samuel Towsler,	Pompey Grant,
William Bunside,	George Ferguson,
Robert Stephenson,	Robert Rains.
Benjamin Nicholson,	

The last six of whom were blacks, were sentenced to eight years hard labour in Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the Harbour of Carthagená in South America. These men were common sailors, (excepting Davis and Sperry,) and were therefore treated more lenient, as they were not supposed to be acquainted with the design of the expedition. Davis and Sperry owed their mitigation to the circumstance of their having concerted plans to escape from the Schooner Bee, before we were taken.

We were now marched back to our prisons, where we were told that we should be taken out again in the morning, to witness the execution of those who had been sentenced to death.

The next morning, we were accordingly, roused from our slumbers, (if indeed, any of us could sleep,) and led through a line of soldiers with their bayonets pointed at our breasts, in the following style. Our hands were first tied behind us, and a rope was then fastened to the forward man, by a knot; this rope was rove along between the arm and side of those who followed, to the

man in the rear, to whom it was fastened, and we were in addition to this, doubly ironed.

The condemned prisoners were then brought forward, dressed in white gowns and caps. Three of them were Roman Catholics, and these were placed at the head of the procession, with priests, and torches, and crosses and diverse emblems of their religion, in attendance. Those who followed, were unattended by any of this pomp or parade which, they believed, would soften the pangs of dissolution. A black flag was raised, and a death march was played, while this mournful procession was passing, painfully and slowly to the scene of execution, outside of the walls of the castle, and immediately adjoining them.

A fellow prisoner, M. Smith, has given a description of this inhuman scene, and as there can be but one story to tell of it, I will here use his words, vouching for their correctness:—In the gallows there was a division, and two separate ladders or stairs, for the purpose of keeping the Catholics distinct from the rest, and absolution was given them by their priests. The place of execution was commanded by the guns of the ramparts immediately above us, where three companies of old Spanish troops were stationed. In the rear of them, several companies of the native militia; beyond them were the artillery, and on the shore next the town of Porto Cavallo, which is divided from the castle and its precincts, by an inlet, there appeared a numerous body of Cavalry.

Whether this was done through empty parade, or from fear of a movement by the inhabitants in our favour, or to shew to the disaffected an example of severity, I know not. It was certainly more than the occasion seemed naturally to require.

We were placed immediately opposite to the gallows, facing our unfortunate comrades. The first executed, was Mr. Farquarson. His irons were knocked off, and he was taken or led to the top of the scaffold, and there for a short time, permitted to seat himself in front of his companions below. Two ropes were fixed about his neck, a small one for the purpose of breaking the neck, and the larger one to suspend the body. This accomplished, he arose, and with a clear firm voice bade us an everlasting farewell. The hangman, a negro slave, then shoved him off, and sliding down the rope, seated himself upon his shoulders, kicked violently upon his breast with his heels, until assured that he was dead; when he jumped down, and dragged the body to one end of the beam to make room for those who were to follow. Messrs. Billup, Hall, Johnson, Ferris, Kemper, and Berguad, were executed in the same manner, and all met death with the same composure. Mr. Berguad was a Pole. After the ropes were adjusted to his neck, he turned to us with a mild and affectionate look, and pointing to a pile of colours, cannon, and other trophies which had been taken from the schooners, and which were placed in our view, in derision, he exclaimed, "Have courage my comrades; do not despair of living to wreak your vengeance upon these blood-hounds;

Miranda will yet free you from your fetters; *then*, avenge my death." He then sprang from the scaffold, and immediately expired.

It now came to be the turn of the Roman Catholics to die. The priests, by whom they were attended, administered to them the sacrament, and accompanied each of them to the top of the steps, or ladder. They were hung upon that division of the gallows set apart for them, to distinguish them from heretics.

James Gardner, was the first to suffer. He ascended the ladder with a firm step, took a last leave of his companions, and wishing them a better fate, was launched from time into an untried eternity.

Thomas Donahue next ascended the fatal steps, and as soon as the priest had performed for him the last offices of his religion, and had left him, he pointed with indignation at the Spaniards in front of him, and exclaimed, "Blood hounds! the day is not far distant when a sore retribution will visit you for this days work. Remember, *then*, that I said so."

Paul T. George was the son of a wealthy Portuguese. He had left his home without consulting his parents, and wandered about without any plan for the future, or means of present subsistence. Finding himself in New-York, with neither friends nor money, he was ready to engage in any enterprise in which he could hope for wealth or fame, and was greedily seized at by the planners of this expedition, as a tool to work with, their deep and desperate plans.

Neither the pains of imprisonment, famine and disease, nor the courageous example of those who had gone before, could make him bear the idea of death. It was, indeed, melancholy to see one so young, possessed of so much beauty, and formed by nature for better things, so early cut from the earth, and sent away to that country, from which there is no return, and whose boundaries are unknown. Whether the recollections of home, or of some crime committed, haunted his breast, I know not, but he fainted and fell at the foot of the gallows, and in this state of insensibility was he taken up and thrown off, and in this state he died. This ended this act of the tragedy.

The executioner now, by means of a hatchet, cut the bodies down, and so great was the height from which they fell, that they were literally *smashed*; their bones protruding through the skins, where they had been broken off, or splintered. Some of the bodies rebounded from the earth like a foot-ball. They were now taken, and laid across a log, when the negro hacked off their heads with a cleaver, and held them up to view; but they could not be recognized, so much had they been mangled by this savage manner of execution.

We had been here from six o'clock in the morning, until about two, when we were led back to our prison, to anticipate our own fate, and to think over the scene which had been acted, preparatory to our embarkation, for our respective destinations on board the merchant vessel "*the Prince of Peace!*"

Permission was now given to write letters home, to

those who could write, but as I could not avail myself of this privilege, my friends were left ignorant of my fate. Although to those who *did* write, the permission was of no great consequence, as their letters were carefully examined by our keepers, and I venture to say that of about forty letters written, not over three ever arrived at their destination.

Ten days after the execution we went on board the Prince of Peace, bound to Carthagena. While upon this voyage, we were permitted to walk, two or three at a time, upon deck. A plan was concerted here to make our escape. We had procured the means of freeing ourselves from our fetters, and were, upon a signal agreed on, to throw them off, seize the vessel, and confine the officers and crew, and steer for the nearest port. We were favoured in this project, by observing that the soldiers who were on guard, spent their time principally in smoking and sleeping. But our evil fortune could not so easily be shaken off, and a short time before we were to consummate our plan, we were suspected by the ships officers. We were now more strictly guarded, although, as before, we were allowed to walk on deck *singly*. We were now wrought up to desperation, as the following plan, which we concerted, will conclusively shew. It was that the one whose turn it should be to walk on deck, should, at the first favourable opportunity, throw a lighted segar into the magazine, and thus, at least, have the satisfaction of burying our persecutors in the same wreck with ourselves. This plan would have been carried into execution, had it not been

for the cowardice of Robert Sanders, who informed our guard of our concerted measures, so that the last desperate hope of deliverance, even in death, was denied us.

CHAPTER V.

Our voyage presented nothing worth mentioning, and we arrived at Carthagená on the 17th of August. I had no great opportunity to notice the place, but from the hasty glance which I was permitted to take of it, while entering the harbour, and while being marched in chains, through its streets, I should pronounce it an elegant city. The streets are wide, and well paved. The houses are built of stone or brick, and although they are generally low, yet they have a loftier appearance, from being surmounted by splendid balconies.

I do not think that there was any thing to choose between the prison into which we were thrown at Carthagená, and that of Saint Philips, at Porto Cavallo ; if there was, the choice would be in favour of St. Philips.

The company at this place, was very much upon the Fanny Wright, or levelling system. Thieves, Robbers, Pirates, run away slaves, and honest men, (if any could be found,) enjoyed equal rights, privileges, and immunities.

We were invited to join in any project, which these monsters were depraved enough to conceive, and it was not safe to abruptly refuse them. This was company with which I had heretofore been unacquainted, and which I have since, sedulously endeavoured to shun. At about 9 o'clock in the evening, we were admonished of the time to retire, by a set of ferocious looking, huge

whiskered fellows, who came to our cells, and by hard words, hard looks, and long knives, put us to sleep in a way not calculated to produce pleasant dreams.

Those who were sentenced to work at Bocca Chica, commenced their labours in the city of Carthagena, it being believed more to the advantage of government, than to send them to their place of destination, which was about ten miles from the city.

We remained in this dungeon until the death of William Burnside drew the attention of the officers of the prison, to our wretched situation, and a few conveniences were afforded us.

A gentleman, named Sandford, who was from Massachusetts, came to us, and enquired whether we thought it possible for us to escape, if he should furnish the means. After a short consultation, we answered, that with a vial of aqua-fortis, we believed we might eat off the gratings of our windows, and free ourselves from our chains, and escape. He promised to send it to us, and advised us that it would be concealed in a piece of pork, which he had obtained leave to present us. Accordingly, the next day, the pork arrived at the prison doors, was closely inspected, and then passed in, to us. We lost no time in dissecting it, and soon found the vial, which we carefully hid, until we could safely commence a trial of its virtues. Hope beat high in every breast, and already in my visions, could I see the dark walls of my prison, fading away in the distance, and the shores of my native land, smiling in their greenest

verdure, to welcome the wretched and weary wanderer to his home. But *disappointment*, always followed close upon the track of *Hope*. The liquid was tested, and the strength had evaporated, and with it, dissolved my dreams of Liberty. Those prisoners who were put to work in the city, suffered extremely, from being over-worked, and severely beaten. I have seen them pass the door of the prison in which we were confined, fainting and lagging, with nothing but a rag to cover their nakedness, their backs covered with ridges as large as a pipe stem, with a negro driver behind them, urging them on, with whips and execrations. They were no longer confined by bolts on the legs, as they had been, and as we still remained; but in the place of these, they had iron clasps around their ancles with staples, and were by means of them coupled together, two and two, by an ox-chain, and were put to labour, with every criminal, convicted of the most wicked or heinous offences. They were sometimes employed in digging, and again in carrying heavy loads of sand and stone for the purpose of building the fortifications, to each of which loads was added the weight of their chains, as they were unable to drag them after them, and which were laid upon their hand-barrows. This was to us an unpleasant sight, as we could only view it as a specimen of what we might expect, when we should arrive at our respective destinations.

There was not however, among them so great mortality as with us, not one of them dying during our stay at Carthagena, whereas we lost five in that time.

The death of Burnside, before mentioned, and the sickness which prevailed among us, induced our overseers or keepers to remove us to the Hospital. Our change of situation was by no means enviable, as we were in the constant fear of assassination by the Spaniards.

We were literally covered with lice ; indeed nothing could excel the filthiness of this place. Diseases of which we had never heard the name, were common, and vermin of species hitherto unknown to us, abounded.

A short time after our removal to this place, John Burk died, in the most cruel agonies. He had prayed earnestly for death, and it came to him, a friend, in the absence of all other friends on earth. His body was carried to the hospital yard, and thrown naked on the ground, for the purpose of being examined by the surgeons, the next morning. It was here, the butt of all the brutal jests, and bitter tauntings, that could be heaped upon it.

This was some advantage to us, as we were the property of our oppressors, and although they might torture and insult us, yet it was not for their interest for us to die. This was the hospital of slaves, and in it were crowded all sizes and hues. We were daily threatened with being stabbed, and one of our number, named Stephen Burtis, upon being attacked, only escaped, by closing with the Spaniard, and drawing his knife so rapidly and forcibly out of his hand, as to nearly sever his fingers from it.

Having already stated that I had no knowledge of the art of writing, I shall again have to acknowledge myself indebted to Mr. Smith's narrative for many facts, which would probably have escaped my memory ; and should my readers discover a *coincidence*, they will recollect that we were fellow-sufferers, and that, of course, there can be but little difference in our statements. As I shall shortly have to part company with him, I may be excused for having taken the liberty of bringing in his narrative to my assistance.

CHAPTER VI.

The prevailing diseases in this place, during the sickly season, August, September and October, are agues, fluxes, dropsies and black vomit, and so prevalent are they, that five hundred deaths have taken place in one season at Carthagena, out of a single hospital! The natives are much more subject to them, than strangers, and they are also more fatal to them. Our situation was rather more comfortable in the hospital, than in the prison, as in the latter place, the ground was our bed, and a stone supplied the place of a pillow, but in the hospital we were allowed a grass mattress to lie on. In one place, however, as in the other, the irons were kept on, until death, in some cases, came to set the captive free. They were then taken off and preserved for the use of some poor successor. The bodies of those who died, were buried at low water mark. But enough of this *Hospital*.

After being perhaps half cured, we were sent back to our prison, and as the reader already knows how we lodged, it may be well to tell him also, of what our food was composed, and the manner of serving it to us. Twice a day, a large kidd, or shallow wooden trough, was brought in, filled with most execrable soup, and placed upon the ground. Then to each of us, was given a small piece of sun-dried beef, the smell of which was a meal of itself, to us, at first, but we soon got used

to it, as it was *Hopson's choice* ; this is nothing. These *dainties* we received through the hands of a negro waiter. We were not allowed table, chair, plate, trencher, knife, fork, nor spoon, but were under the necessity of using our fingers, which history tells us were made before forks. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and if in our case, there was no issue, the adage must have been false, as we were indeed needy. We managed to carve out of the shells of calabashes a bowl and spoon, and one or two knives had been concealed beneath the ground, and although often searched for, yet we still kept them. It will, perhaps, be scarcely believed, when I say that the natives themselves, (at least those whom *we* saw) lived no better than we did, and what right had we then to complain? We often saw them eat, around a kidd, and pass the spoon from one to the other, with a strict regard to impartial distribution.

Our legs suffered much from the galling of our fetters, and very often, our feet would be covered with blood, which streamed from our ancles. Pretty soon, however, we become so emaciated, and our legs so wasted, we could draw the cleavices up to our knees, and in this way we carried them about, by means of cords, which we tied to the irons, and to our necks. These cleavices and bolts, weighed twenty-five pounds. By getting them so much farther from our feet, we managed to step a considerable distance, by swinging our bodies around, and making a sweeping step. Let it not be believed that we never saw humane people, or experienced

kind acts among these natives. By looking through the grates of our dungeon, we could see numbers of alligators, crawling around the walls of our prison, and when I have caught the eye of one of them, it has seemed to me, to be bent on me, with pity and commiseration, and compared with the demoniac looks of our oppressors, they seemed visitants of mercy. We sometimes, in passing from our prison to the hospital, received little acts of kindness from the more respectable of the inhabitants. Very often have small pieces of coin been slipped into my hand, and the donor would walk hurriedly on, for fear of being observed by the guard, as if it were a crime to bestow upon us any assistance. The soldiers who composed our guard, were some of them friendly towards us, procuring work for us, at making straw hats, and pricking patterns for needle work, although they were ordered to drive those who would have befriended us from the doors.

The persons under whose immediate charge we were, was an old military sergeant, named Don Pableau, a native of Spain. Ninepence sterling per day was allowed by the governor for our support ; of this he received sixpence a day for our two meals, and for the balance he furnished us an extra meal of corn and molasses, called *Bayeau*. This was to us a great delicacy. It was something like, what we call *Samp*, being Indian corn broken between two stones. If we chose to take the balance in money, we could have had it, but they contrived to make the two regular meals so detestable, that we were glad to get the *extra*. By plaiting straw hats,

&c., we soon earned enough to procure us many articles of necessity, and which conduced much to our comfort and cleanliness. The soldiers sold the work for us, and procured material, most generally, with punctuality, and in good faith. Captain Sanford also sent his boy to us with materials, and sold our work.

But all these acts of kindness, could not obliterate from our minds, the sense that we were still prisoners, that we had been sentenced to a long term of chains and labor, and that we were far away from home, and the hearths of our fathers, and that there was but one chance to thousands, that we should ever again visit them. It had been a long time since I had left my fathers' house, and I longed to return and tell my sorrows to an ear that could pity and relieve them, but I could not like the prodigal son, say, "I will arise, and go unto my father."

CHAPTER VII.

We had now been seven months imprisoned, from the time we were captured, and had had no opportunity of informing our friends and the government, of our situation, or of asking their interference to ameliorate our condition, or free us from our chains.

Captain Barker of New York had been shipwrecked in the South Sea, and had arrived at Carthage, touching at Panama. He heard of our situation, and visited us in prison. Of a tender and benevolent disposition, he wept like a child, at the bare sight of our miseries. He had been wrecked, and had but little to bestow, but of that little he gave liberally. He obtained permission from the Governor to visit us daily, and also, that we should be allowed to communicate our situation to our friends in the United States, and should be allowed to receive whatever supplies they might send to us. We therefore drafted a memorial to Congress, which Captain Barker undertook to present to that body, immediately upon his arrival at home. As this document may not be uninteresting, I here give a copy of it as follows:—

“Memorial of twenty citizens of the United States of America, confined under sentence of slavery in the dominions of his Most Catholick Majesty the King of Spain, to the President, Senate and House of Representatives. Shews that we, your memorialists, are

natives of the United States of America, and for the most part of the city of New York, and are a part of a number of men, of the same description, who were brought from New York, in February last, in the ship *Leander*, Thomas Lewis, Master, under circumstances of treachery and imposition, which your memorialists will proceed to explain. Samuel G. Ogden has been known, for some time, as the owner of the ship *Leander*, which vessel had been, by him, for some time, employed in a forced trade, for which purpose she had been heavily armed: consequently, there was less danger of her warlike equipments awakening suspicion, on the part of the public, or in the breasts of your memorialists, of an illegal undertaking. Of the whole number of your memorialists, some were attached to the vessel, some were employed for military services, and others for the exercises of their ordinary occupations and trades. Those of the first description, were shipped in the usual manner, on a voyage to Jacquemel and back to New York; the rest were engaged by Col. William Smith, Mr. John Fink, Col. William Armstrong, and Mr. Daniel R. Durning to proceed to New Orleans and other places not mentioned, under the command of Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Darning; who, as was falsely and shamefully asserted, had been appointed by government, to carry thither, a certain number of men as a guard to the United States mail. Under this and other specious assurances, your memorialists embarked at Staten Island, and were carried immediately to sea. Shortly after leaving the port, it was discovered that General

MIRANDA was on board, together with a number of other persons not before known to your memorialists, who appeared in the characters of officers, attached to his person. The ship proceeded on her voyage, until off Bermuda, where she was examined by his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Cleopatra*, Captain White, and notwithstanding the discovery that she was loaded with arms, and warlike stores, was permitted to proceed, and arrived at Jacquemel about the middle of February, where she remained until late in the month of March following. During this interval, much discontent was occasioned among your memorialists, in as much as they now found themselves in a country, whither they had not undertaken to go, and prevented by force from returning; experience in military duty, under the most arbitrary power, on the part of General Miranda, Col. Armstrong, and Mr. Durning; prevented from writing to their friends in the United States, and kept in ignorance, as to the ultimate object of the expedition. Some of your memorialists attempted an escape to Port-au-Prince, or some other part of St. Domingo, but were prevented by the diligence of Miranda's officers. In Jacquemel, the schooners, *Bee*, and *Bachus*, were employed to accompany the ship in her voyage. On board these vessels, your memorialists were obliged to embark, and left St. Domingo, on the 27th of March. After having touched at the island of Aruba, for refreshments, the three vessels proceeded towards the coast of Terra-firma, between Laguiria and Porto Cavallo, where they arrived on the 27th of April, when the

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schooners in which your memorialists were embarked, being deserted by the *Leander*, were captured by two Spanish cruisers, and carried into Porto Cavallo, where they were all proceeded against, under charge of piracy, &c. On the 13th of July, this process was closed by the Captain General of Caraccas, and ten, (who were considered to have been wilfully engaged,) were condemned to *death* : nineteen, to eight years slavery at Bocca Chica ; fourteen, to ten years slavery at Porto Rico ; and fourteen to ten years slavery at Omoah, in the province of Mexico. The ten who received the sentence of death, were hanged and beheaded on the 21st of July. Your memorialists, together with their companions, sentenced to Bocca Chica, with others, who are prevented by sickness from joining in this memorial, were soon after removed to this place, where they have been about three months.

Your memorialists are in close confinement, and in irons, and will remain so until they are removed to their respective stations, at Omoah and Porto Rico. Your memorialists predicate their right to claim the interference of government in their behalf, upon the original innocence of their intentions, and the veracity of the statement they have offered. To establish these to your satisfaction, they beg leave to refer to the following persons, who are informed of the intrigues, made use of by Colonel Smith and others, his colleagues, to wit : Mr. Daniel Kemper, whose son was executed ; Colonel Marinus Willet ; Mr. Brinkenhoff, tavern keeper, William Rutledge, ship joiner, Samuel Winship, and Fran-

cis White, Butchers, all of New-York. If it shall appear by the testimony of these persons, that the account of your memorialists shall be worthy of credit, that they have been betrayed and entrapped by the cunning engines of specious, needy and designing men, who still remain within the reach of the law, in a situation to be made responsible in their persons; then, the innocence of your memorialists, they trust, will be equally manifest, and they will still be considered by the constituted authorities of their country, entitled to its protection and support. And your memorialists shall ever pray, &c.

Dated in prison, at Carthagera, }
December 30, 1806. }

Signed by twenty of the Prisoners.

The foregoing memorial was given to Captain Barker, who promised us that it should be faithfully delivered to Congress. Soon after this, he bid us farewell, and embarked for New-York, leaving among us many grateful hearts.

No one of us knew, at the time this memorial was written, that Messrs. Smith and Ogden had been arrested, by the direction of government, and that they, and their counsel, and a strong party, had striven to retort the charge upon the Government. We did not know that Mr. Jefferson had been vilely and maliciously abused, and branded as having been in the secret of the expedition, and as having abetted and aided it; neither did any of us know that the notorious John Fink, had appeared as evidence, against Colonel Smith, for the

purpose of throwing the blame upon him, and thereby to slip his own neck out of the noose.

The government could not aid us. To do so, would have been tacitly acknowledging their participation in the expedition, and as they could not, they were basely accused of treachery towards us by a party more base than Miranda's, as they sought to overturn their own government, whereas, he *might* have been patriotic, in his views in relation to the people of South America.

Captain Barker, upon his arrival at New-York, forwarded our memorial, according to promise, to Congress, together with a statement of our miserable situation, at Carthagená. He also informed our friends, that we had permission from the Governor of that place, to receive such necessaries, as they might see fit to forward us. At a meeting in New-York, at which a great number of respectable citizens, and where some of the disaffected also were, ready to vilify Mr. Jefferson and his cabinet, a collection of some hundred dollars was raised to be distributed among us. Clothing was also contributed for our use, and a number of individual remittances made from the relatives of particular prisoners. These were committed to the care of Captain Carson, of the Ship Four Sisters, who sailed from New-York, a few months after Captain Barker's arrival there, and who reached Carthagená in July, 1808.

CHAPTER VIII.

We had now been imprisoned, in Porto Cavallo, and Carthagera together, about a year, and had given up nearly all hope of being liberated. The choice between death, and living to be the beasts of burthen, of the vilest of the human race, was all that was left us, and the former alternative appeared the best. Things were in this state, when Captain Carson arrived with the supplies, mentioned as having been sent by him from New-York. These revived our drooping spirits, and we began to think that we had still friends who cared for us, though perhaps we were never to meet them in life, yet the thought was soothing to our hearts, that in our labours, or our sickness, we were pitied by those who could do no more than bestow their pity. Captain Carson enquired of us whether he could do any thing for us, by which we could be likely to break out of the prison. We told him that with the means which we had received from New-York, we believed that we might make our escape, if he thought it prudent, to wait his vessel for us. He replied that he would stay as long as he dare, without awakening suspicion of his object; in the authorities of the place.

About this time, a cat unfortunately strayed into our prison. Our feelings of compassion, were overcome by the cravings of hunger, and we concluded to kill and cook her. We were willing to go through the forms of

justice, and therefore proceeded to ballot whether she should be eaten, or set at liberty. The result was a large majority, (indeed, I may say, an unanimous vote,) in favour of hunger, and Grimalkin was slain, cooked, and eaten.

I have killed many fat oxen, since that time, and in better days, have eaten many tid-bits, but never one which possessed so great relish, as the flesh of poor puss.

We engaged an old Spanish soldier, for a trifling sum, to procure us a key which would fit the lock on the door of our dungeon, but we were soon suspected of having this key, and were much more strictly guarded than before, so that we were obliged to abandon this method of escape, and formed a plan for penetrating the wall of our dungeon, which was about ten feet thick.

This wall was a part of the rampart of the city. There were in it, narrow loop-holes, or slits, about four or five inches wide on the inside, and converging to a width of, from two to three inches on the outside. They were about two feet from the floor of the prison, and about ten feet above the surface of the swamp without. I do not know what these holes were originally intended for, but at present, they answered the purpose of draining off the water, which, in heavy rains, ran into our dungeons.

One of our number, being a shoemaker, and being permitted to work at his trade, we procured from him a hammer and knife, a part of his tools, and with these, we commenced an undertaking, which will look, to the reader like the height of folly.

In the prison with us, were a number who had been taken in smuggling in the South Sea, and who had lately been confined with us. Their case was not, like ours, hopeless, and they did not wish to expose themselves to greater danger, by endeavouring to break prison, yet, as they were our countrymen, they kept our secret, and ran the risk of punishment themselves, should we be discovered. At the gate, a sentinel was placed, with orders to keep a strict watch of our movements, and the turnkeys were hourly passing and repassing through our prison. A lamp was kept burning through the night, that our keepers might have a constant watch upon us, and our irons were searched very frequently; yet with all these disadvantages, we resolved to escape from our prison.

A man named John T. O'Sullivan, believing more in his own courage, than in our scheme, made his escape in the following manner: He had been sick, and was sent to the Hospital, where by means of money and good management, he contrived to procure a bolt similar to the one in the clevice around his ankle, with a head or nut, which could be screwed and unscrewed at pleasure. He then by means of an old knife hacked into a saw, severed the old bolt, and replaced it with the new one. Thus prepared, and with a determination to free himself or die in the attempt, he sent to us his last farewell, accompanied with six dollars, which he called a legacy, with which he requested us to drink to his memory, should he perish. One evening, as he sat at the door of the hospital, the sentinel walking careless to and fro,

before him, he suddenly slipped off his irons, and running across the hospital yard, knocked down the two sentinels who were at the outside gate, and escaped into the open plain outside of the city. Pursuit was in vain. After a number of windings and turnings, he eluded his pursuers, and in a day or two, was safe on board an English vessel, and on his way home.

Three of the prisoners, who were at work in the city, encouraged by the example, effected an escape for a short time. They were at work in the foundations of an old ruined castle, and remained hid in a vault under the ground. At the evening muster, they were not missed, and the rest of the gang were driven back without them. They fled to the mountains, and not knowing any thing of the country, they wandered about, until hunger induced them to eat some wild berries which were poisonous, and they were seized with sickness and vomiting, and swelled so that it was difficult for them to see. One of them groped his way to a house to get some water, and while carrying it to his companions, was discovered. They were retaken, sent to the Hospital, and when able to work, their tasks and their blows were redoubled.

Mr. Powell, was also liberated, through the interest and intercession of his father, just as we began our work.

From the holes before mentioned, we could take an observation of the surrounding country. Next to this, was a narrow strip of ground covered with stunted bushes, and brambles, and next to this was the beach of

the sea. This whole side of our prison was entirely unfrequented, and this solitude was highly favourable to our undertaking.

Our greatest labour was during the first part of the night; for at eleven o'clock we were ordered to lie down, and during the day time, we dared not expose the breach to view, but kept it masked by a hammock, with some cloths thrown loosely over it. We used to walk, under pretence of exercise, during the early part of the evening, which the heat of the day did not so well permit, and our irons, which had been our great annoyance, now became serviceable to us, as by clinking them as much as we dare, we could drown the noise of the hammer against the stones. We had, with the money which Captain Carson brought us, bought a violin, a fife and a flute, and with these, although we did not make the most exquisite music, we contrived to make a very considerable deal of noise. Our Jailor kept a kind of tavern, and while our money held out, we contrived by making purchases of liquor, fruit and segars, to keep him good natured, and have license for our *uproarious* conduct.

This kind of noise and cheerfulness, induced our keepers to believe that we had received assurances of pardon or ransom, or that we had become reconciled to our situation, and they began to relax their vigilance. We were not so closely watched as usual, and to this we owed the final accomplishment of our task.

Each night we added a little to the breach, and after we were ordered to stop our noise, and go to rest, we

silently worked in replacing the rubbish, and smoothing over the whole with lime, which we procured for the purpose of washing our clothes, and as a preservative from disease ; for plaistering with this lime, we used a shingle in the absence of a trowel. Sometimes we met with a soft place, and made rapid advances in our work, and again, a hard, flinty stone would retard the progress, and drive us almost to despair. Sickness would also seize upon some of us, and our places supplied by others, who, in their turn falling sick, the work would remain stationary. The farther we advanced, the more laborious was the task, owing to the weight of our chains, and from being obliged to crawl into the wall, and to lie upon our sides in a very distressing posture, and also from the length of time necessary to fill up the hole, and to smooth and face over the wall. Yet so nicely was this done, that the corporal who came with those who brought our food or water, often looked through the opening, without perceiving that any thing had been doing. As we came nearer to the outside of the wall, our work seemed lighter, and hope once more held out to us the prospect of a speedy deliverance.

It now became necessary to turn our attention to getting rid of our chains. We might easily have cut through the key that confined the bolts in the clevice, but as this part was particularly inspected by our guard, we considered it the most hazardous, and we therefore, with a hacked knife blade, proceeded to saw through the centre of our bolts, until we so nearly severed them, that we could bend them with our hands, and in that

manner, in a short time, break them out of the clevice, and free ourselves, whenever we should have so far penetrated the wall, as to be ready to make our egress from this filthy den. The marks made by sawing, we disguised with wax, and covered them with the cords by which we suspended our irons to our necks. After a labour of nearly four months, we effected an opening, and on the 7th of November 1807, we proceeded to cast lots, as to the order in which we should go out. I fortunately drew the fifth number—(I say *fortunately*, for had I been the last one, I should never have got through; as it was, I was literally *driven* through by those who followed.) After being poked through, in this way, the rough points of the stones, carrying away my clothes and skin, (I had no flesh of consequence to lose,) I fell down ten feet into the filth and mud, with which this swamp was filled.

All were safely landed in the quag-mire in a few minutes, excepting Robert Sanders, and Baley B. Negus, who believed themselves too large to get through the opening, and therefore remained in prison, although neither of them were any larger than myself. So impatient had we been to get out, that we had not waited for the moon to go down, but she was so far towards the west, that a broad shadow was cast by the wall, in which we could walk unobserved. We could distinctly hear the tread of the sentinels above us, and see their shadows cast long upon the ground, as they paced their solitary rounds, humming some tune, which had probably been learned on their native hill side, and which perhaps

reminded them of their more innocent days, before they were acquainted with arms, or had learned to see with cold indifference, the human form manacled, and adorned with chains. As soon as we could do so with safety, we struck into the country. We left at this place, Moses Smith, who had but a short time before, left the hospital, and who was now too weak to accompany us. When I left him, I did not suppose he would live a day. He has however, survived, and is probably still living, and to his narrative, I am indebted, for many of the dates and little transactions, which would probably have escaped my recollection.

CHAPTER IX.

We travelled about ten miles, very painfully. We had not yet learned how to use our legs, and we "marched wide, as though we had gyves on." We now came to a narrow river, which we contrived to swim, and found ourselves upon an island apparently inhabited. We subsisted scantily upon such wild game, and other little articles, as we could catch or steal; until hunger drove us, to send one of our number, Matthew Buchanan, to treat with some fishermen, who we daily saw at their employment, while we were concealed among the bushes and stunted trees which covered the island. He staid some time, engaged in conversation, and upon his return, he informed us that one of them had agreed to give us an assylum at his house, until he could get an opportunity to convey us on board an American vessel, then lying in the harbor, from Baltimore, and which we had been advised to go on board of, by Captain Sanford, while we were in prison. We were shortly after, visited by the fisherman, who repeated what Buchanan had told us, and promised not to betray us into the hands of our late masters. We were then invited, and proceeded to his house, or *Shantee*, where he prepared for us a supper of fish, of which we ate heartily, a long abstinence, and the prospect of soon being out of the reach of danger, sharpening our appetites wonderfully.

He then started for Carthagena, to dispose of his fish, as he said, and as we afterwards learned to our sorrow, to dispose of us also. A reward of Ten Dollars per head had been offered for our apprehension and return to Carthagena. The small amount of the sum offered, was an evidence that the city authorities did not care a great deal, whether we were caught or not; yet this perfidious scoundrel had informed of us, and had agreed to deliver us up. About twelve o'clock at night, he arrived at the shantee, and remarking that he had made a good sale of his fish, informed us that he was now ready to proceed to the harbour with us. We accordingly embarked, after giving him all our money, (about fifteen dollars,) and all the clothing, which we could spare, which was not much, as in our hurry to escape from prison, we had not much time to make up an extensive wardrobe.

We sailed rapidly down the stream, until we came near to one of the bridges in the suburbs of Carthagena, when we were ordered to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat, which was half full of dirty water. As we passed under the bridge, we heard the hail of the sentinel, which was answered by our conductor. We did not know at this time, that this hail and reply, was a signal that we were on board the boat, to a party of soldiers, who were some distance below the bridge. We passed down the river a few rods, when the old scoundrel ran his boat on the shore, and we found ourselves in the hands of about a hundred soldiers. I had been before that time, and I have been since, sadly dis-

appointed, but never do I recollect that the reverse of fortune affected me so much, as at this time. We had given money to the natives, to execute little commissions for us, while in prison, and we always had met with the strictest integrity among them, in the performance of any contract. Now, we had given our all to this old villain, and we found ourselves on the road to our old dungeons. What would be our fate, I knew not, but despair had taken complete possession of me, and I cared little what became of me. We were tied, and driven back to the city, and thrown into the same dungeon from which we had escaped. In the morning we were taken and examined, for the purpose of ascertaining what had become of Messrs. Sherman, Lippincott and Smith, who were still missing. We could give no account of the two former, but told them that Moses Smith was most probably dead in the swamp, where we had left him, unable to accompany us. A guard was despatched to search, but returned without success, and we now, for the first time, began to hope that he had escaped. We were then heavily ironed, and put in the stocks. In this situation I remained, my feet two feet above the floor, for thirty-five days. There was but one posture in which I could place myself, and that was to lie flat on my back. During this time, I was not once unlocked, being *propped up*, whenever I ate, or drank, or when it became necessary to sit up for any other purpose. At last, I was so unwell, that I was taken out of *limbo*, and sent to the Hospital, and being now *right side up*, I soon recovered. When I returned

to the prison, the feet of the rest of the prisoners, had been liberated from the stocks.

There was attached to the guard at the prison, an old soldier, who I should have before mentioned, as having been friendly to us. He would procure straw for us, from which we manufactured hats, and other little articles, for which he found us a ready sale. He soon became suspected by the officers, and informed us that he should be obliged to fly, to escape death or imprisonment. We contributed, from the proceeds of our work, a sum sufficient to purchase him a suit of clothes, and he fled from us, and from his country, leaving us destitute of a friend in our misery.

While we had been confined in the stocks, we observed the masons at work, filling up the hole, through which we had effected our former escape, and we believed that this would be the best place to renew our attempt for freedom. A consultation was held, and as it was evident that what we should do, must be done in a single night, we lost no time in attacking the wall. Accordingly, at eight o'clock in the evening, we commenced operations at the newly closed breach, and at twelve o'clock, we had freed ourselves of our chains, and stood once more in the open air, under the star-spotted vault of Heaven.

I returned thanks for my deliverance, and invoked the divine assistance, to complete my escape, by guiding my feet aright, for I had by this time, wicked as had been my life, learned that there was one above, "mighty to save."

We pursued the same route which we had before taken, and indeed it was the only one which we could pursue, unless we had a mind to take a swim out on the North Atlantic Ocean. We again came to the river, and swam it. Joseph Bennet was here drowned. I understood that his body was afterwards taken up, (the buzzards having picked his eyes out,) and interred by a charitable Spanish lady. The place where we landed, was an island, although not the one upon which we had before sojourned. Here we concealed ourselves for two days, when we saw a black fellow fishing. We had learned to put little faith in this sort of cattle, but as we could not live here long, I ventured down upon the beach, and entered into conversation with him. I represented to him our wrongs and our sufferings, how we had been seduced from our homes, and how we had suffered from chains and disease. I told him that we had once before escaped, and had been delivered up by the man whom we trusted, and of our subsequent punishment, and my story drew tears from the eyes of the old negro. Crossing his thumb and finger, he swore by that sign, that he would assist us to escape. I never knew an oath broken, when made by the sign of the cross, and I put faith in his promise; nor did we repent this confidence. He directed us to remain concealed, until some dark night, and promised to furnish us provisions daily. No entreaties could move him to attempt to take us away, until he believed he could do so with perfect safety, and we could do nothing but wait the old

fellows' time. We lived well, being furnished every day, (or rather night,) with food.

A vessel, the name of which I do not now recollect, (the Captain's name, I think was Price,) was lying in the harbor. After our second escape was known to Captain Sanford, he agreed with the Captain to take us on board, should we apply. Having told the old man of our acquaintance with Captain Sanford, he called upon him, and informed him of our place of concealment, and by him we learned of the arrangement with the Captain of the vessel.

We remained concealed upon this island, eight days. The night of the last day was one of the darkest and most tempestuous, that I recollect of having ever seen. The rain fell in torrents, until about twelve o'clock, when the wind lulled, although it still continued raining smartly. No person, whether his intentions were good or evil, could wish for a darker time to favor his plans. A cloudy night was all our benefactor had been waiting for, and if this did not suit him, we should have only referred him to Egypt. Soon after midnight, he came, and directed us to go on board his boat as speedily as possible, and we soon found ourselves rapidly approaching the bridge. We were now ordered to lie down in the boat, which we did, although I could not help recollecting the former treacherous conduct practiced towards us, but, I remembered the sacred sign by which he had sworn to be faithful to us, and quieted my fears. The rain had so nearly filled the boat with water, that we were almost covered by it, as we lay on

the bottom. As we passed under the bridge, the sentry hailed, and enquired where the old man was going at that time of the night, and what was his business? He replied that he was going to *fish*. No more questions were asked, and we proceeded on our way. We reached the vessel in the harbour, at about three o'clock in the morning. The Captain was on shore, and the mate being ignorant of any thing that had passed between him and Captain Sanford, refused to allow us to come on board. After representing to him our situation, and telling him that we had been promised shelter and protection on board this vessel, and after a great deal of persuasion, he permitted us to board, and remain until the return of the Captain, who was expected about four o'clock. It now was necessary to part with our old friend, the black man, and to make him all the compensation in our power, for his kindness to us.

We mustered forty dollars among us, and a gold chain, which we had taken while in prison, as a pledge for the payment of fifteen dollars, which we had lent to the owner. This had been valued at fifty dollars. The money we had earned by making straw hats. We gave to him the chain and cash, and he left us, apparently, highly pleased with his *fishing excursion*.

We went into the fore-castle to dry ourselves, and to await the coming of the Captain. After so many disappointments, I dared hardly hope that I was in safety. Dark forebodings of the future, of some violent reaction, or bitter reversion of our present good fortune, filled my mind, and, I know not why, while my companions were

congratulating themselves upon having at last escaped from their dungeons, and began to talk of home, I was sad, and could not believe that our freedom was *reality*. These gloomy presentiments did not vanish, the reader may be assured, when the Captain came on board and told us that his vessel was not yet ready to receive us, that he was daily visited by Spanish officers, who would discover us, and that therefore he dared not keep us,—that we must go on shore and secrete ourselves until the vessel was ready to sail. He promised to send us, each night, provisions for the ensuing day. I now began to think that my calamities would never end, but with Death. There was no use, however, of complaining, and we shoved off for that shore, which I had hoped that I was never again to visit, but to which it now seemed beckoning me, to make my grave. After our arrival on shore, we separated for the purpose of finding some convenient hiding-place, as the morning was about breaking, and we did not like to be seen in large numbers together. After a short search, we found an old ruin, and apprising the rest of our discovery, we were soon all safely stowed away in its precincts. Our life was, here, rather monotonous ; it was a hard matter to sleep, on account of the incessant chatter of paroquets, and the howling of dogs, and so we passed away about nine days, as well as we could, burrowing in the earth, like rabbits. I began now to enquire of myself, why we were thus unfortunately situated ; why we had been imprisoned and chained ; why we were thus fearful of coming out into the light of day ; why so many had

died upon the scaffold, and by disease ; and why we were yet hunted like beasts, and yet no one dare to be our friend ; I could not answer the questions, and I know of none on earth who can. Far be it from me, to lift the veil which death throws over its victim. Had I the power of vision, I would not wish to penetrate the dark chambers of futurity, and look upon the sufferings of those who have stepped across the narrow channel, which runs between Time and Eternity, but I cannot but think that the soul of a man, who had been the cause of all our sufferings, must be heavily charged with guilt. He who enlisted me in the expedition, of which I was then reaping the bitter fruits, has passed from Life to Death. Before he went away to his account, I forgave him. I trust that all of us did, and I hope and trust, that that Being, against whom he sinned, more than against us, has forgiven him, and blotted out his transgressions from the great book of remembrance. I regret to say, however, that at that time, my feelings towards him, were not of the most charitable kind,

CHAPTER X.

After nine days spent in this ruin, the vessel was ready to sail. We accordingly embarked, and put to sea. After getting about twelve miles outside of Bocca Chica, we were called from the hold, where we had been concealed, upon deck. The captain told us that we were now safe, and had nothing to fear. We gave three hearty cheers, and began once more to draw long breaths ; but our evil star was yet above the horizon, for in running about five miles farther, the vessel struck a reef of rocks, and carried away her rudder, and we were forced to put back to Carthageua to repair the loss. There was on board, a Spanish military officer, (as a passenger,) of whom we were afraid. We believed that he would consider it his duty to inform the authorities of the city, of our being on board. Perceiving, by our looks, that we distrusted him, he came forward and told us we had nothing to fear, that we were perhaps safer from his knowledge of our being there, than we should otherwise be.

Eight days longer were spent in playing *hide and seek*, on shore, when the vessel having got a new rudder, we were again taken on board. During our passage out of the harbor, and through the strait of Bocca Chica, we did not *hurrah*, and it was a long time after the northern shores of South America had become

blended with the ocean, before we dared to believe that we were once again *free*

After a short passage we arrived at Havana. This place, every body knows, is on the north west part of the island of Cuba, opposite Florida. But as *every body* has not been there, I will take the liberty of noticing it. It was, at the time I was there, about two miles in circumference, and contained about two thousand inhabitants. It has a beautiful harbour, large enough to contain one thousand, or twelve hundred vessels, yet the entrance to it is so narrow, that only one ship can enter at a time, and this mouth is defended by large forts or batteries. The buildings are very handsome, built principally of stone, and, generally, very splendidly furnished. The town is on the west side of the harbour, and at this port, all the ships which come from Spanish settlements, rendezvous, upon their return to Spain. Owing to this circumstance, we were afraid that we might be picked up, and therefore concluded to leave the ship, and disperse ourselves through the country. As I am now about to abandon my former comrades, it may be well to give the reader an account, as far as I have been able to learn, of the ultimate fate of those who went out with me in the expedition of General Miranda, and then leave the subject; I think it would be better than to break in upon my subsequent personal sufferings, by short, disjointed notices of them.

The following list may remind those who suffered with me, of an old companion, who has not yet forgot-

ten those, with whom he passed many painful days and nights of sorrow.

Captain Huddle, of Philadelphia, was killed in the action with the two Spanish *Garda-Costas*, April 28, 1806.

Joseph Paulding, of Philadelphia, was driven overboard with me, and unfortunately drowned the same day.

The ten who were executed July 21, 1806, have already been mentioned at large.

William Burnside, died at Carthagen, in September 1806.

John T. O'Sullivan escaped by breaking through the guards, at the Hospital in Carthagen in September 1806, as related, Jeremiah Powell, pardoned September 1806.

John Sherman, William Lippencott, and Moses Smith, escaped at our first breaking out of prison, at Carthagen, and returned home. They are probably all still living.

John Burk, died in the Hospital at Carthagen, Nov. 1806.

Eaton Burlingham, died at the same Hospital, in January, 1807.

John Scott, died at the same place in the month of March, 1807.

Alexander Buchanan, escaped from the guards about this time, returned to New-York, June, 1809, and died Sept. 1811.

Henry Sperry escaped in 1809, and is probably still living in New-York.

Matthew Buchanan, David Winton, Stephen Burtis, and John Parsells, escaped with me, and for aught I know, are still alive.

Joseph Bennet, escaped with me, but was drowned in attempting to swim a river, as before stated.

John M. Elliott, David Heckle, Thomas Gill, John Hayes, and James Grant, also escaped with me, and left me at the Havana.

John Moore, mate of the Leander, was pardoned in 1808.

Henry Ingersoll, Lieutenant, was also pardoned.

Phineas Raymond, was sent to Porto Rico, and I have never since heard from him.

Frederick Rigus, died in the Hospital at Carthagen, Dec. 1807.

Daniel M'Kay, experienced the same fate in June, 1807.

Hugh Smith, a boy, pardoned in 1808.

Bennet B. Negus, escaped from the Hospital at Carthagen, 1809.

Joseph Heckle, Samuel Price, and Benjamin Nicholson, escaped with Henry Sperry, in 1809.

William Cartwright, died of a sore which he made upon his leg, by applying soap and lime, in 1809.

George Ferguson, died of a severe beating which he received for attempting to escape.

Robert Sanders, was sentenced to five years hard labour in the mines for an attempt to escape from prison, by means of false keys,—of the remainder, I know nothing. I believe, however that most of them were pardoned in 1810.

CHAPTER XI.

At Havana, I engaged on board an English Merchant vessel, with the agreement that I should be exchanged, or transferred to the first American vessel, which we should meet, in want of hands. We proceeded on our voyage to Turks' Island. During this passage, nothing occurred worth mentioning, and we arrived safely at our destination. Here we found an American Schooner, commanded by a Captain Brant, and I was exchanged for an English sailor who he had on board. We staid at Turks' Island two weeks, when, having completed our cargo of salt, we sailed for Port-au-Prince, in the island of St. Domingo. I had shipped as cook and cabin boy, and at this place, I was sent to the market by one of the sailors, to purchase for him, some Bananas. While I was cheapening some in the market, I happened to let one fall, and as the old woman to whom they belonged, was rather noisy upon the subject, rather than to get into difficulty, I agreed to take a quantity at her price. Finding me so easily frightened, she insisted upon having sixpence more than she had at first demanded. I refused to give it, and calling around her a company of negro soldiers, she began to threaten me. I retreated, with my fruit, towards the boat, to which I was followed by these negroes, who seized me, and in getting out of the boat to defend myself, I was pushed under water, and narrowly

escaped drowning. The officers seeing the fracas, and being, some of them, slightly acquainted with me, came to my assistance, and I had the satisfaction to see these soldiers severely punished, for the outrage committed upon me. In this scrape, I lost my bananas. Our captain was a very amorous young man, and getting acquainted with a young Creole girl, who was remarkably handsome, he spent most of his time on shore, in her company. It would not be well for me to expose matters of this kind, but to shew how deeply he was infatuated, I will barely mention, that losing his clothes and money one night, which obliged him to keep his bed, until he could send for a change of apparel, to the ship, did not cure him.

We here discharged our cargo of salt, and took in ballast, when we proceeded to sea. After getting about thirty miles from Port-au-Prince, the Captain discovered that his papers were missing, and we came to, off a little village, the name of which I do not now recollect, while he went back, by land, to search for his papers. He said that this was his object, and I was, of course, bound to believe him: but I have often thought since, as I did at that time, that he had forgotten to take a parting kiss of his lovely *mustee*, and went back to make up for the neglect. During his absence, a quarrel took place between the mate and myself, which eventuated in my taking *french leave* of the vessel. Having cooked, one morning, rather more eggs than he chose to eat at his breakfast, I distributed the remainder among the crew. This displeased him, and he cursed me heartily, and this

displeased *me*, so that I concluded to leave the vessel, and endeavour to do as well elsewhere. I accordingly, consulted with another young man, upon the subject, and we agreed to pack up our clothes and start. After having prepared a sufficient supply of provisions, and other little matters, his courage failed him, and he concluded to stay on board the vessel. I had nothing now to do, but stay also, and be abused, or to go alone, and I chose the latter. While the mate was at breakfast, the next morning, I threw my bundle into the boat, and jumping in after it, pushed off for the shore. I had got nearly half the distance, when I heard the mate singing out, “you damned rascal, bring that boat back.” I knew that he could not pursue me, as the boat which I had, was the only one that belonged to the vessel, and replying that I would send it back, when I had done with it, I kept on my way. When I reached the shore, I found a boy idling on the beach, and to him I gave a dollar, to carry back the boat to the vessel. He pocketed the money, but left the boat to thump to pieces on the beach. I now made the best of my way to the top of the cliff, or high ground which overlooks the sea.

“The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
“Appear like mice : and yon tall anchoring bark,
“Diminished to her boat, a buoy
“Almost too small for sight ; The murmuring surge,
“That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes.
“Cannot be heard so high :”—

This description would have answered, perhaps, better, had our vessel not been deprived of her boat.

The trees upon this headland were covered with a long kind of moss, the same article which is now used in stuffing mattresses, in the place of curled hair. I gathered a quantity of it, and finding a very convenient hiding-place, which had been made by a windfall, I made myself a comfortable bed. I passed the time in sleeping and watching the vessel, for two days, when I saw the Captain who had returned from Port-au-Prince, go on board. After remaining a short time, he returned to the shore, as I supposed, to search for me, accompanied by the mate. They staid on shore, until nearly sun down, when they again went on board, and soon after weighed anchor, and put to sea. I waited until the vessel had fairly got out of sight, and then leaving my retreat, I went down to the little village, at the foot of the hill. Here I staid through the night, and the next day, met with a Spanish coasting Schooner, bound to Port-au-Prince. I took passage in her at the price of two dollars, and the same day we started on our voyage. After getting out to sea, I overheard a conversation between the Captain and mate, in french, and from a little knowledge of this language, I learned that Captain Brandt had offered a reward for my capture and imprisonment, as a runaway from his vessel. Much debate took place, between them, as to what should be done with me at our arrival at Port-au-Prince, and as they supposed me ignorant of that language, they did not talk in whispers. I had served quite an apprentice-

ship in prison and chains, and had got heartily sick of them, and I determined to know the worst immediately. I therefore broke in upon their conversation, and told them plainly, that if I was to be sacrificed, the present time was quite as convenient to me as any other ; that I had already suffered considerable, and rather than endure a repetition of it, I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible ; and that if they were determined to make a prisoner of me, they had better commence as soon as possible. Whether my determination alarmed them, or from what other cause, I do not know, but nothing more was said upon the subject, and at our arrival at Port-au-Prince, I was suffered to go on shore, unmolested. Soon after this, I met a french woman, who spake very good English. During the revolution upon this island, this woman had been a number of times, arraigned by the negroes, as one of the "White French." She always, however, escaped by saying that she was an American, and this excuse or pretence, was favoured by her knowledge of the English language. With her I engaged to board, and I remained concealed at her house, believing that Captain Brandt would return, or would cause a search to be made for me. At the end of this time, as I heard of no enquiries for me ; I ventured out, and after lounging about for a few days, I shipped on board an English Brig, then in harbor, as a common hand. I remained on board about four weeks, (still lying in the harbor) but at last getting tired of the trouble of *dividing the bread from the weevil*, and of the other provision, I left her, and sought my old quarters

at the French woman's. With her I staid, very comfortably, about a week longer. At the expiration of this time, an English Schooner, the *Lucy Ann*, of London, came into port. Being short of hands, and as I did not see any prospect of being soon able to get on board an American vessel, I shipped in her, and after remaining in port a fortnight, during which time nothing remarkable occurred, we started on a voyage up the Mediterranean Sea. We reached Gibraltar, after a short and pleasant passage, when we wooded and watered, and then continued on our way, up the Mediterranean. At Alicant, we stopped and discharged our cargo. Nothing occurred worth mentioning, excepting that I got pretty well fuddled here, upon the excellent wine which is made at the place, or in its vicinity. My surgical abilities, were also called in requisition. The cook had, unfortunately, fallen from the deck into the hold, and lay perfectly senseless. As the rest of the crew professed ignorance of the science of blood-letting, I offered my services. A lancet was procured, and given me, and with it, I succeeded in extracting a small quantity of blood, when he revived, and in a few days he so completely recovered, as to be able to pursue his ordinary avocations, very much obliged to me, professedly. This circumstance procured for me the title of *Doctor*. We remained at Alicant about two weeks, discharging our cargo, and getting in stone ballast. This place is in a bay of the same name, and is twenty-five miles south of Valencia. It has a castle, on a high rock which the inhabitants called impregnable, although

it was taken by the English in 1706, and has been since taken, by the French and Spaniards, after a siege of two years, at which time a part of the rock was blown off. Alicant is remarkable for the excellence of its fruits, and I can bear testimony, to the delicious flavour of its wines. We started from this place to Turk's Island, which in due time we reached, and getting in a cargo of salt, we proceeded to St. John's in Newfoundland. This place is situated on the east side of the Island of Newfoundland, and has a fine harbor, which is defended by several forts. While on our passage to this port, (which, owing to calms, and head winds, was a long one,) our provisions became nearly exhausted, and we were put upon an allowance of one biscuit, and half a pint of water per day. We had a plenty of beef, but dared not eat much, as our allowance of water would not quench the thirst occasioned by its saltness. We continued on allowance, until within four days sail of St. Johns', when a shower of rain fell, and all hands were set to work in spreading sails, &c. to conduct the water which fell, into tubs. This water was somewhat brackish, yet it quenched our thirst, and at that time, tasted delicious. We reached the harbor in four days after this shower, and discharged our cargo of salt. About three weeks after our arrival, a British man of War put into this port, and impressed four of our crew, among which number I was. They took me on board their vessel, and detained me through the night. The next morning the Captain of the Schooner came on board; and after a considerable intercession, he procured my release,

representing me, as I truly was, an *American*. After remaining here two weeks longer, and getting in a cargo of fish, we proceeded to Alicant, in the Mediterranean. I do not know that it will be worth while, to relate all that happened for some time after this. The succeeding year was taken up, in voyages to and from St. Johns' and Alicant, touching at 'Turks' Island.— These voyages were dull, and nothing which was very interesting to me, or which would be likely to be so to the reader, occurred in their prosecution. I am aware that many would make a long story of a voyage across the Atlantic, but it must be remembered that I was incapable of keeping a log-book, and of course, most of the occurrences which might be worth preserving, have escaped my memory. I proceed to those parts of my story, which are to me, (if not to the reader,) the most interesting and eventful.

CHAPTER XII.

After, as I have before stated, spending a time in trading from St. John's to Alicant, we made a voyage, with a cargo of fish to London. As I had heard much of the magnitude and splendour of this city, and as this was my first visit to it, I determined to look around a little. I accordingly asked for my discharge, and was paid off. I spent some days in lounging about this huge city. Sometimes, I would venture some distance from the river side, and gape and stare among palaces and hotels, churches and monuments, until wondering how they came there, who built them, and how rich the king, and the owners of the splendid establishments, must be, and lost in the variety of my own speculations, I would return to the water, to gaze upon the forest of masts, with which I was somewhat better acquainted. I soon grew sick of this idle life, and I found that there were poor people in London, as well as every where else, that there were a number of hovels, mixed in with these lofty domes, and that my money would not last forever. As I did not believe the king, with all his riches, would give me any more, when that was gone, I concluded to quit London, and go to sea again. I accordingly, shipped on board an American Brig, bound to Boston. This was my first return to my native country, since I had left it, in 1806. Years had passed rapidly down the hill of time, and vanished at its

foot. I had seen much of the dark side of the picture of Life, and I now concluded to remain in my own land, where, it has been proudly said, that the wanderer finds rest, and, no matter what his birth place, an assylum. Like the bird which left the ark, I had flown over a sea of troubles. No green spot had lifted itself above the billows, and I had now returned to the ark which I had left, to nestle in its bosom. But I find that I am getting sentimental.

I staid at this place, until I found that the Bostonians had learned a great many of the foolish habits of the "*Lunnuners*," and as this did not suit my taste, so well as a ships' mess, I engaged on board the good Brig Rover, Captain Morse, bound on a trading voyage to the coast of Guinea. Our voyage was of some length, but very uninteresting. We traded out our cargo along from Loango to Biafra, with the negroes, when we proceeded to Princes' Island, a small island, a little off the coast, and rather, in the Bight of Biafra. It is mentioned in some gazettes as being 250 miles *south-west* of Loango. It may be well enough to correct this mistake, for it is one, as this island lies quite as far, to the *north-west* of that place. While on this passage, we were put upon an allowance of bread, which gave rise, to a serious quarrel, between the Captain and cook. The cook was ordered to provide something, for the purpose of dealing out to us our allowance, and although there was nothing on board, which would answer the purpose, still the Captain persisted in the order. The cook endeavoured to convince him, that he

could not *create* vessels from nothing, but in vain, and at last, the cook, getting in a passion, told the Captain, that if the men were to be put on allowance, that it was his business, or that of the owners, to furnish something to serve it in. The Captain seized a hatch-bar and struck the cook, when a scuffle ensued, in which the Captain's finger was slightly cut, by a corner of the bar. There being but two white seamen on board, of which number, I was a *mociety*, we were ordered to tie the cook and flog him. We told the Captain, that we did not ship as *Boatswain's mates*, and as we considered the order very unreasonable, and one which the cook *could not* comply with, we should do no such thing, neither should we suffer any one else to. Here we supposed the matter had dropped, but we were mistaken, for upon our arrival at Princes' Island, which was three days after this fracas, as soon as we had got the sails furled, we were visited by a guard of soldiers, who the Captain had procured on shore, for the purpose of arresting us. No time was allowed us to put on our coats ; we were taken on shore, the negroes thrown in prison, and we, (the two whites,) were told by the captain, that we must shift for ourselves, that we should not go again on board the vessel. He would not pay us our wages, nor give us our clothes. This was indeed a pretty predicament for us ; left upon a strange island, inhabited by negroes and Portuguese, with nothing but our nether garments, and these none of the finest quality, or most fashionable cut. The next day we procured a boat, and went alongside of the vessel, for the purpose

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of getting our clothes, if possible. The Captain and mate, armed with handspikes, forbid us to board. We demanded our wages and apparel, but were answered that we should have neither, and that we must be "off with ourselves," as they would have nothing to do with us. We returned to the shore, rather disheartened, and the next day, saw the Captain there. We again requested him to pay our wages, or at least, to give us again our clothes, but we were refused as before. The next day time he visited the shore, he was accompanied by the steward, and after some solicitation, we succeeded in obtaining our coats, which was all we ever did receive.

We lounged about here a few days, subsisting upon corn and cocoa-nuts, which we stole, when the negroes, who had been imprisoned, were taken out into the market-place, and severely flogged. They were then taken on board, and shortly after, the vessel put to sea, leaving us destitute of money, or any of the necessities of life, strangers in a strange land. Two days of our time were spent in living as we had, upon stolen corn and nuts, and sleeping at night, under the houses which were built upon spiles or stilts, from three to five feet from the ground, when an American Brig, a Slaver, was brought to this island, by a British armed ship, as a prize, to be sold. The lieutenant of the man-of-war, came on shore, and seeing me sick and dispirited, offered me a berth on board his vessel, and a mess with his men on shore, until the sale of the slaver should be effected, and the vessel ready for sea.

I told him that I had been on board a man-of-war, and that from experience, I did not like the usages on board them: I however accepted the offer of messing with his crew. My companion being in much better health than myself, and being acquainted with the Portuguese language, had found employment in the town. I went to the mess before mentioned, and one of the sailors kindly furnished me with his hammock, lying, himself, upon the ground. I was here carefully attended, my wants charitably supplied, and medicine administered to me, which in a short time partially relieved me from my sickness. I remained here, until the ship left the island, which was in about two weeks, when the Lieutenant charitably gave me five dollars, and I bid farewell to him and the crew, who had so generously ministered to my wants. Not being perfectly recovered, I went to a public house, (the Portuguese name of which, I do not now recollect,) and engaged to board, at the rate of one dollar a day, believing, that in a short time, some vessel would arrive, in which I could leave this detestable island. They allowed me to stay five days here, when, finding that my purse was exhausted, they turned me out of doors, and I had recourse to my former mode of living, *viz.*, stealing fruit by day, and sleeping under the houses by night. After two days more, spent in this vagabond way of living, the cargo of an English Schooner, which had been wrecked on the coast, was brought into this port, by the Captain, who, to make the best disposal of it, in his power, hired a small shop, and commenced a retail store, in which

way he rapidly got rid of his damaged articles, to the inhabitants. With the proceeds of his cargo, he purchased a small vessel, and hired me to repair its sails, &c. While at this job, I boarded with him, and lived very comfortably. I was employed in this manner about three weeks, at the end of which time, he generously presented me with a *pair of shoes*, as a reward for my labour ! Soon after this, a Portuguese vessel, with a cargo of slaves, came into the harbor. *Her* sails were also damaged, and she was in want of *wind sails*. The Captain engaged me to do this work, and after two weeks of hard labor, I received the munificent renumeration of a pair of coarse duck trowsers, and a coarser shirt !! An idle week more was passed on this island, when an English Merchant vessel put in for wood, water, and provisions. I applied to the Captain for a berth, who answered me, that he was indeed in want of hands, but that he was short of provisions, and that wages were extremely high, and for these two reasons, he did not like to ship me. I pressed him so hard, that he told me he would give me an answer the next day. So much did I wish to get off from this island, that I told him, rather than go with him, I would be willing to work my passage. The following day, he informed me that I might go on board, and a few days after this, we sailed from this island.

Robinson Crusoe, as I have read, had become attached to his island, having so long lived upon it, but if he had fallen in with Princes' Island, I think that he would have lived to have been quite as old as Methuse-

lah, before he had formed a very strong local attachment.

Never was I more pleased, than when this little isle, showed in the distance like a speck, or wild fowl, resting on the bosom of the ocean.

CHAPTER XIII.

Upon our passage, a quarrel arose between myself and a black man, on board, and he threatened, that he would have me impressed on board the first man-of-war, with which we should meet. I do not exactly recollect the cause of this difficulty, and I only mention it, for the purpose of shewing how people may be mistaken in their calculations. This black fellow knew that I had no *protection*, and believed, that he could easily cause me to be impressed ; but little did he think that he was so soon to experience the fate which he had marked out for me. Our passage from Princes' Island, was of three months duration, and when entering the British Channel, we were boarded by a press-master and his gang. Those of the crew who were liable to be taken, myself with the rest, concealed ourselves among the casks and logwood in the hold, with which we were laden. In this way we all escaped, excepting the poor black-a-moor, who had threatened me with impressment. He was taken on board a man of war lying at the mouth of the Thames.

When we had arrived at London dock, and furled our sails, and washed down our decks, the Captain permitted the keepers of boarding houses to come on board, for the purpose of procuring customers from among the crew. I stood aloof from the rest, and while they were rigging themselves out, in their "go-

ashore-togs," I could not help but take a stolen glance at my poor habiliments. I had no money, and my clothes were about worn out; indeed they had never been of the most delicate texture, or most fashionable form. At length, one of the publicans came to me, and enquired if I did not want a boarding house. I frankly told him my situation, without any reserve, and he appeared to take pity upon me. He requested me to accompany him to his house, and told me that I should not starve. I went with him, and upon arriving at his house, and taking a drop to make us comfortable, he enquired more into the particulars of my story, which I related to him. He then told me that he thought something might be done for me, at any rate, that I was welcome to stay at his house, until I should get a situation or berth on board some vessel, bound to America.

I was in his house about three weeks, and at the expiration of this time, he came to me with fifteen pounds sterling, which he had obliged the Captain of the vessel to pay him for me, as wages, at the rate of five pounds sterling per month. I now paid my board, and purchased a suit of clothes. I offered to make my host a present of a few pounds for his trouble, but he would receive nothing but the price of my board. He then accompanied me to the house of the American Consul, from whom I received a *protection*, as an American citizen. I staid with my friendly landlord another week, during which time, I nearly finished my money, and then taking leave of him, I shipped on board an English Schooner, at the rate of twenty-five dollars per

month. I now supposed that I was safe, under the protection which I had received from the Consul. We sailed in a few days out of the river, and proceeded on our voyage. We touched at Bonair on our passage, where we staid a day or two, and from thence, we went to Alicant. Nothing happened here, worth noticing, and we returned, after a long passage to London. This voyage, outward and returning, occupied fourteen months. The same day of our return, as I was busily occupied in furling a sail, we were boarded by a press-master and gang, and all hands were called to the quarter deck. I knew their business perfectly well, but was not at all alarmed, as I relied upon my certificate as an American, with the utmost faith. After shewing this paper, I was allowed to return to my work, and while I was revolving in my mind, whether I should again ship on board this vessel, or endeavour to get a passage home, I was called again, and ordered to get into the boat of the press-master. Supposing that I was to be taken on shore to execute some little commission, and be immediately sent back to the vessel, I jumped into the boat, which was directly rowed towards the city. After proceeding two or three miles, we were met by another large boat. I was then asked to shew my protection. This I refused, as they had once seen it, and were acquainted with its contents, and told them, that they could find out more, probably, by calling upon the American Consul. I was then seized, and the paper taken from me by force. This they tore in pieces, before my eyes, and putting me on board the large boat,

I was sent on board the receiving ship. The next day, the press-master came on board, and I endeavoured to convince him that he was acting altogether wrong, in taking me forcibly from the schooner, but he did not appear to wish to be convinced, and I had, at last, to submit. He however, offered to go on board the schooner, and receive my wages, if I should authorise him to do so. I signed my ~~X~~ to an order which he wrote, and before a great while I received my chest and money, which amounted to a little more than four hundred dollars. (This sum embraces my wages, and a small amount which I had saved by traffic.) I procured a letter to be written to the American Consul, but did not receive any answer, nor did I believe the letter ever reached him. Soon after this, I was sent to the *Downs*, and stationed on board the brig *Burlette*, where I staid three weeks, before she was ready to sail for the Baltic Sea. I was closely watched, and was not allowed to go on shore at all. They were probably afraid that I would attempt to escape, if I were allowed that liberty, and their fears were not without foundation, for I should certainly have attempted it, had an opportunity offered. I began now to despair; my wanderings appeared to be likely to have no termination. I did not like to look forward, and a retrospective glance, the reader will agree with me in saying, was not one calculated to cure sore eyes. Three weeks, as before stated, were spent in the *Downs*, when a fleet of merchantmen, and two armed vessels, besides the *Burlette*, were ready for sea. Our destination was the Baltic Sea, as a convoy to the

merchantmen. Our voyage was long and dull. After we had arrived in the German Ocean, and while running up the coast of Denmark, and through the Sleeve and Kattigat, which bound that kingdom on the north, and east, and which connect the Baltic with the German Sea, it became often necessary to come to anchor. If this happened during the day, and the whole fleet were in sight, we ran no risk, but at night, unless the merchantmen were in short hailing distance, a boats' crew, armed, were put on board each of them, to protect them from any attack by the Danes, who were, at this time, at variance with the English. One night, owing to wind and current, we came to anchor, and having dropped one of our convoy, a great way astern, the Lieutenant and sixteen men, were dispatched in a boat, for the purpose of affording her protection. I was among this number, as I had before been. After we had reached the vessel, we were directed to watch in pairs, two hours at a time, while the rest slept, and upon discovering any thing suspicious, to alarm the officers and crew. My watch on deck was from eleven o'clock till one o'clock. At about the middle of my watch, I discovered a small schooner approaching. I awoke the rest of our company, with as little noise as possible. When they were all assembled on deck, we were ordered to prepare our fire arms, which being done, we silently and carefully got on board our boat, which lay on the larboard side of the vessel, the enemy slowly coming up on the opposite side. We rowed under the stern, where we lay upon our oars, until we were satisfied that

the schooner was hostile, from hearing orders given to prepare to board, in a low tone of voice. We then rowed around to the starboard side of the vessel, and taking good aim, we poured into the schooner the contents of sixteen muskets. Those on board, set up a tremendous howl, and we immediately boarded her without opposition. The spirit of Hamlet the Dane, did not appear to animate the breast of the commander. He did not think it prudent to "fight upon this theme," but getting upon his knees, he bawled out lustily for mercy, and surrendered at discretion. Upon an examination, we found that two had shared the fate of the meddling Polonius, and another was badly wounded by a ball through his neck. We took possession, and in the morning, towed her along side the Burlette. The Danes had calculated upon an easy conquest of the merchant vessel, from seeing her so far astern of the armed vessels, but were totally unprepared for so *warm* a reception as we had given them.

As we did not know what to do with the rag-a-muffins, whom we had captured, our captain took the word of honour of the officer commanding the schooner, that they would not, for a stated time, be engaged in fighting against the English, and they were sent on shore. The vessel was worth something, and of course; we retained her. She was manned from our three vessels of war, and armed, and accompanied us; indeed, she was a very valuable accession to our fleet, being a very swift sailer.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next evening, we again came to anchor. One of our merchantmen was believed to be so near us, that it was not necessary to put a guard on board her : and we calculated also too much, upon having so terrified the Danes, by the preceding evenings capture, that they would not dare to attack her. Early the next morning, she was missed. Our captain rubbed his eyes, but all to no purpose. He could not rub the absent ship into them. She had been cut out during the night by the enemy, and a search by boats, was made. She was at last discovered on shore, high and dry on the beach.

Orders were now given for four boats, with sixteen men and one officer each, to go on shore, and either bring her off, or (if that was not practicable,) burn her where she lay. I was one of the number from our ship, who were all volunteers.

Various opinions exist among men, upon the subject of supernatural visitations and warnings of Death, or ill fortune. I will not venture to give my opinion, if indeed I ever formed any, but will relate a circumstance, which took place, and leave the reader to judge whether natural fear, or supernatural notice, governed the event. While upon this voyage, a young man, named *David Price*, had broken open my chest and stolen my money, (the four hundred dollars, which the press-mas-

ter procured for me, from the Captain of the English Schooner, as before mentioned.) He had been detected by means of a young boy, who had witnessed the robbery ; and for this offence, he had been severely flogged. He was also a volunteer, to go on shore, and either get off the captured vessel, or burn her. Upon getting into the boat, he said to me, "John, I have no expectation of returning alive from the shore. I know not why, but it appears to me this boat is the last one which I shall ever pull an oar in. Will you forgive me for having robbed you." I told him that I had already both forgotten, and forgiven it ; that he must cheer up, and drive away those melancholy forebodings of evil, as there appeared to me, to be but little danger in our excursion. He however, appeared sad, and his heart appeared to be heavy within him, as we rapidly rowed towards the shore.

The cannon of our ships kept up an incessant fire upon the fort on the land, and we were permitted to reach the vessel, which was high upon the beach, before we were attacked. A sharp fire was then opened upon us from the shore, and of twelve of our company, who were killed, but one was of our boat, and that *one* was *David Price*, who was sitting on the same seat with me when the shot struck him.

Never, while memory lasts, shall the appearance of that vessel on shore, be effaced from my mind. There was no one, dead or alive on board her, but her decks seemed to have been literally washed down with blood. Every spar and every timber head bore the same dark

crimson hue. The crew had undoubtedly been massacred and thrown over board, as they were never afterwards heard from.

Finding it impossible to get her off, we set fire to her, and left her a magnificent funeral pile for our unhappy comrades. We returned to our respective vessels, weighed anchor, and joined the convoy.

Soon after leaving the burning ship, I was seized with the typhus fever. An experiment, (as I afterwards learned from the Physician,) was practised upon me. Blisters were applied, from the lower part of the abdomen, to my breast, and under my arms, so closely as to touch each other. This treatment, (undoubtedly intended for the best,) reduced me to a state of insensibility, and my recovery was considered quite uncertain. After lying in this situation three weeks, I so far recovered my senses, as to know that if I turned my head hastily, I should lose my teeth, having been so severely salivated that they sat easy in my jaws, and rattled like a box of dominoes. In the course of time, I recovered my health, and was able to go to my duty. I was in the same watch with the gunner, and came very near to having my leg broken. He had removed the steps which led to the top-gallant forecastle deck, and wishing to reach it, I stepped upon a gun to enable me to do so. The gunner seized a handspike and struck me a violent blow upon the ankle, which brought me to the main deck, as suddenly as though I had been shot. Rather than have him punished, or rather from fear of his vengeance, for I was in his watch, and knew that if I told

the circumstances, he would certainly make me repent it, I represented to the Captain, that I had sprained my ankle, and the matter passed off. I was very lame for some time from this blow.

About three week after this transaction, we learned that a war had broken out between Great Britain, and America. Five of the seamen on board the *Burlette* were Americans, and we applied to the Captain for a discharge. We told him that we were unwilling to fight against our countrymen, as we should in all probability, be obliged to do, if we should remain in the English service. He refused to discharge us *then*, but said that we should soon return to England, where we should know more of the matter. Little did he think that he was never to see England again; or that many of his crew were to be discharged, in a short time, not only from the British service, but from the service of any nation or master on earth.

We staid about five weeks longer in the Baltic, and every day of our stay witnessed skirmishes with the Danes, some of a serious nature, and others more trifling. After this time, the merchantmen, being ready to sail, we started on our return to London. We were accompanied by five Russian vessels of war, who were going to England, for the purpose of being coppered there. This was an unfortunate matter for us, as one of our pilots was put on board a Russian vessel, and the one who remained on board, was, I believed, the least acquainted with the Baltic. The event will shew that I was right in my belief.

At about dusk, we passed *Hernholdt light*; and the night being foggy, we kept upon the vessel, nothing but her foresail and fore topsail. This was the night of December 22d, 1812. It was indeed a bitter cold night. My watch was on deck, and every thing appeared to be well, and I was anticipating a speedy return to England, and a discharge from the vessel. We supposed we had passed the *most dangerous* part of this dangerous passage. The cry of "Breakers ahead," was immediately succeeded by a shock that threw me from off my legs, and the ship rolled heavily over upon her bilge, deeply imbedded in a reef of rocks. Her masts broke off like pipe stems, and in less than fifteen minutes, from the time of the concussion, her stern fell clear from the vessel, owing to the violence with which she thumped against the rocks.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening, when the ship struck the reef, and full half of the ships company were in their hammocks. Startled at the shock, they ran upon deck without dressing, and of this number, not one was alive at twelve o'clock. They clung to the frozen rigging, until benumbed with cold, they would apparently fall asleep, and drop down upon the deck or into the surf, one after another, according to the strength of their constitutions, or the quantity of their clothing. None, none escaped.

There were on board of this ship, twenty-five young lads, who had been sent out to learn seamanship, and to fit them for officers, by giving them practical lessons of naval tactics. These young boys were upon the lee

side of the vessel, between decks, and probably dreaming of their mothers or sisters, whom they soon expected to see, and whose kisses they could feel in the visions of night, imprinted on their burning cheeks.

“They dreamed of their home, of their dear native bowers,
“And pleasures which waited on life’s merry morn.”

Their slumbers were not broken by the affectionate call of a mother, or the gleesome shout of their young companions, but by the crash of spars, and the rush of waters. Their cries for help, were heart-rending, but we could not help them. No arm but that of Him who “holds the waters in the hollow of his hand,” could afford them relief, or snatch them from their watery tomb, and they went down to the dark chambers of the deep, in the morning of their life. I have seen many a strong man die, by battle and by wave, but never do I recollect any thing which so deeply affected me, as the death of these young and unhappy sufferers.

Desperate, almost to distraction, I rushed to the hold where my trunk was, and regardless of my money or any thing valuable, I seized a bottle of liquor, which I had saved from my rations. To this I have always attributed, under Providence, the preservation of my life. Regaining the deck, I drank heartily of it, and divided the rest among those who wished it. We passed the night in the most distressing situation. The Ship had heeled, or fallen so much upon her side, that it was impossible to stand upon the deck, and we crowded into the long-boat, which was lashed to the deck and

which we kept clear of water, by baling with our hats. Those who did not exercise themselves, would apparently fall into a *drowse*, their fingers relax their hold upon the side of the boat, and if the next surge did not sweep their bodies from the boat, we committed them to the surf.

When the morning broke, there remained of our crew, (one hundred and twenty-eight in number,) but thirty alive, and before the sun had risen, half of that number had gone to that land, where cold and frost could not affect them. The Captain was still alive, and believed that if we could succeed in cutting loose the fastenings which held the long boat, to the deck, we might in it reach the shore. After groping about some time, I found an old axe, with which in a short time, I succeeded in releasing the boat from her hold upon the deck.

I preferred to stay on the wreck, and two others also staid with me. We did not believe that the boat could possibly reach the shore, which lay many miles from us, scarcely discernible, and in truth, it was with me a matter of doubt whether the object we saw in the distance, was land at all, or might it not be a fog bank? It was a matter of uncertainty, and I chose rather to run my risk on a piece of the deck, which was fast breaking up, than in the long boat.

The Sea was extremely rough, and the swells were of that short and rapid kind, which are peculiar to narrow seas, or inland lakes of any magnitude. These are known to be the most dangerous, to all who are acquainted with the sea. The Boat, now at liberty,

swung off sidelong, and was in a moment a stones-throw from the wreck. The next wave stove and overset her, and every soul perished. Perhaps the one half of the sufferers rose to the surface, but no scream or cry for help, escaped them. They had seen too much of Death, and knew how futile were hopes of deliverance. They had nerved themselves for the hour, which they could not put off. The gunner, who had struck me, as I have before mentioned, was the last who went down. He rose after the boat had swamped, and cast a look towards me of the most piteous kind, and I am sorry to say, yet truth compels me to say it, that my feelings were not those of commiseration for his sufferings. He struggled some time to reach the ship, but in vain. He sank, and

“The closing waters mark his resting-place,
“And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
“Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o’er,
“Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
“Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
“With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.”

Of the boat, I saw nothing after. She probably caught on some point of the rock, upon which we lay.

Three now remained upon deck; three only, of all who had but a few hours before, trod that deck, in all the beauty and pride of manhood: and we supposed that we were the sole survivors. Three more however, had found shelter in the fore top, and remained there. The foremast was the first which fell, owing to its having the only canvass upon it, which was spread at the

time the vessel struck the reef, and the top now lay across the rocks upon which the ship was thumping. We did not know that they were there, until some time after we had left the ship.

The long boat had swamped at about 9 o'clock A. M. and some time after this, the wind died away considerably, and changed its course or direction, blowing towards the shore. My companions were almost frozen, and could afford me but little assistance, but notwithstanding this disadvantage, I proceeded, alone, to disengage, if possible, a portion of the deck which had broken up, and which hung partly over the side of the vessel, to which it was connected by a number of cables, and smaller ropes. By means of my knife, and an iron belaying pin, I succeeded in cutting away cables of fourteen and fifteen inches, and all the other fastenings, except a four inch rope, which I could not possibly get at. The piece of deck upon which we were, had now floated from the wreck, and was only attached by this rope. I had been at this work about six hours, and had been washed from the deck three times during its performance. It was now nearly night, and we had nothing to do, but wait, with what patience we could, until this fastening wore in two, as it was continually chafing over the gunnel. This part of the deck was that upon which was the *fife-rail*, and we seated ourselves, together with a dog, inside this rail. Minutes seemed days, as we watched the incessant wearing of the rope across the gunnel, and it was not until about midnight, that it parted. The wind blew towards the

shore, and we, or rather *I* felt some hopes of once more seeing land. I was now completely exhausted, and committing myself to the direction and care of Him, who alone could guide me on the broad highway of the ocean, I fell asleep. A little before day-light, a dash of spray, breaking over us, filled my mouth with salt water, and had nearly strangled me. This effectually cured my drowsiness, and wiping my eyes, I looked abroad upon the waters. I now believed that I could see land, and informed my comrades of the discovery, but they would not indulge themselves in the belief. They had not been so often disappointed, as I had, and they were easily disheartened by misfortune. They appeared to think our deliverance impossible: I had before this, probably, shared enough of disappointment, to have taught me the folly of clinging suddenly or stubbornly to Hope, which, "deferred, makes the heart sick," but the belief that the land was the object which seemed resting like a *darker* cloud upon the face of darkness, was so firmly established in my mind, that I would not cast it from me, merely because I had before tasted of disappointment.

In a short time, I found that we were driving rapidly upon a reef of rocks, and our danger appeared now to be greater than that which we had left, and I gave myself up as lost. After getting within about half a mile of this reef, and concluding that nothing could save us from beating to pieces upon it, our raft, or deck, began to retrograde, and we appeared to be going in haste to sea again. An eddy had been formed here, and we

soon found ourselves whirling around in its circling course. After a few circumlocutions, we shot from our orbit, and were soon gliding swiftly through a narrow gap or channel in the rocks, and in a few minutes our deck was riding quietly in a placid harbor, the land looming up before me, in the grey dawn of the morning. I now attempted to revive the spirits of my companions. One of them, (Thomas Hutton,) was still alive, but almost beyond caring for, or participating in my satisfaction at the sight of land. The other, (the ship's carpenter,) had passed into a world where earthly sufferings, and earthly miseries could no more affect him. Even the poor dog who had clung to the deck, was frozen to death.

I found an old shirt hanging upon the fife-rail, and tearing a long splinter from the deck, I attached the shirt to it, and began to wave it, backwards and forwards, over my head. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing four or five men, running down the hill, towards the beach. As soon as they came near enough to distinguish us plainly, they turned about, and went back. Our raft was now stationary, and it was impossible to urge it one way or the other. Time passed away heavily, and it seemed to me to be, at least, five days before I again saw any person. At last, those who had before noticed us, came around a point of the land, in a boat, having been only about four hours, in crossing the island, getting the boat, and returning to us. They told me, that this was all the time that they had been gone, but it seemed to me, that the hours were days.

Even now, I seem to recollect successions of day and night, while between sleeping and waking in that harbor. It was undoubtedly fancy, as they could have no inducement for deceiving me, and it would have been impossible to have sustained life so long.

CHAPTER XV.

With much ado, I succeeded in throwing myself over the side of the boat, but poor Hutton was so frozen and exhausted, that it was necessary to carry him from the place in which he sat to the boat, in which they seated him. I then pointed to the fife-rail, where the body of the carpenter lay.—I have rather prematurely mentioned, that he was dead ; I did not *know* it, until informed by the natives, who answered my direction, by saying that after taking care of the *living*, there would be still time enough to see to the *dead*.

We now proceeded to the shore, and upon reaching it, I found that I could walk, with the assistance of one man. Hutton was carried by the others, and in a short time, we reached the house, (which was the only one upon this side of the island.) By making signs to them, for I did not understand much of their language, I directed them to the place where our vessel had been wrecked, and where a part of her still lay, but without believing that any of her crew was yet living.

These humane people, immediately started for the wreck, and having arrived near enough to discover the three, before mentioned, as having taken shelter in the foretop, they attempted to get them off. Their efforts were unavailing, owing to the violent beating of the surf, and they were obliged to return to the shore. Here they procured ropes, &c. with which they again pro-

ceeded to the foretop, and after a great deal of difficulty, they succeeded in getting off the unhappy sufferers, who they brought to the house where we were.

A supper, and every thing calculated to revive nature was provided, but remained untouched, as we were in a state of such complete exhaustion, that all appetite for food or nourishment was entirely destroyed. We were then placed in bed, and slept soundly all that day, and the night succeeding. At about seven o'clock the next morning, we awoke so much renovated, that we partook of a breakfast heartily.

At this house we staid, and every attention, which could be expected, was bestowed upon us, and cold must be my heart, before I cease to remember the kind offices which were done to us, by those hospitable Swedes, with the liveliest emotions of gratitude.

Three days after my arrival at this island, I so far recovered as to be able to walk down to the beach, where the bodies of a number of my ship-mates lay, half covered with the sand. These were carefully taken up, and buried, by those who had saved us from the same miserable fate.

I could not but reflect with bitterness upon the change so suddenly wrought. But a few days before, and our ship was manned by a large and gallant crew. *Now*, five emaciated beings, were all that could tell her unhappy story. But a short time before, and many hearts were anticipating fond meetings with wives, children, and friends, and creating visions of happiness, in their native land, distant and far over the Ocean. *Now*,

their bones were mouldering to earth, far from home, in a stranger, land, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," or whitening beneath the waves of the sea.

"Down, where the joyful sunbeams never fell,
"Where Ocean's unrecorded monsters dwell;
"Where sleep earth's precious things—her rifled gold,
"Bones bleached by ages—bodies hardly cold,
"Of those who bowed to fate, in every form,
"By battle strife, by pirate, or by storm;
"The sailor chief, who freedom's foes defied,
"Wrapped in the sacred flag for which he died;
"The wretch thrown over to the midnight foam,
"Stabbed in his blessed dreams of love and home;
"The mother, with her fleshless arms still clasped,
"Round the scared infant that in death she grasped;—
* * * * *
"The mournful trophies of uncounted days;
"All that the miser deep has brooded o'er,
"Since its first billow rolled to find a shore."

CHAPTER XVI.

We were removed as soon as it was considered prudent from this place to Wardbergh, where we boarded at a house kept by a widow, whose daughter could speak English. This rendered our situation rather more comfortable, as we could the more readily make known our wants.

Nothing remarkable happened at this place. Gratitude, however, prompts me to say that this young woman, without the knowledge of her mother, kindly presented me with fifteen dollars, which enabled me to purchase many little necessities of which we stood in need. We gradually recovered our strength, and after a stay of about five weeks at Wardbergh, we were visited by the English Consul at Gottenburgh, who gave orders to have us removed to that place.

Gottenburgh, is quite a large town, and is near the mouth of the Gotha Elf. It stands in a marshy plain, surrounded by precipitous ridges of naked rocks, rising to the height of from 100 to 300 feet. The town is built partly on the plain, and partly on the declivity of one of the ridges. In the lower part of the town, the houses are built on piles, driven into the ground; the streets cross each other at right angles, and several of them are traversed by canals bordered with trees. The upper town is built more irregular, but has a splendid appearance, the houses rising one above another in

the form of an ampitheatre. The harbor is formed by two long chains of rocks, about a quarter of a mile apart, and is defended by a fort on a small rocky island at the entrance. As a commercial and manufacturing town, Gottenburgh ranks next to Stockholm, and it is more conveniently situated for foreign trade, than any place in Sweden. Its commercial connections extend to all parts of Europe, to America, and to the West-Indies. The herring fishery is carried on to considerable extent, and here are also several vessels engaged in the whale fishery. Its population was, I think, at the time I was there, estimated at about twenty thousand.

Here I met with a young man from New-York, with whom I had been acquainted.

Upon telling him my story, he enquired where I expected to go, from this place. I told him that I should; in all probability, be sent back to England.

He advised me to go with *him*, as the English were at war with our country, and we proceeded to the house of the American Consul, from whom I obtained a protection as an American Seaman, and at whose expense I was maintained, for six or seven weeks, when a number of us were advised by the Consul to go to Copen-gen, where we were told that a Privateer was fitting out under American colours, and wanted seamen. After three days and nights of constant travel by land, we reached this place, but were told by the Consul here, that there was no such vessel at that port. He refused to keep us, and we were obliged to return to Gottenburgh.

Copenhagen, is the metropolis of Denmark, and is said to be the best built city of the north. It is situated on the eastern shore of the island of Zealand upon a fine bay of the Baltic, about twenty miles from the narrowest part of the *Sound*. Its harbor is similar to that of Havana, in the island of Cuba, not quite so large perhaps, but capable of holding five hundred vessels, and yet the mouth so narrow that but one ship can enter at a time. The town is surrounded towards the land, by regular ramparts and bastions, a broad ditch, filled with water, and a few outworks; its circumference measures about five miles. The streets are well paved with a foot-way on each side, but too narrow and inconvenient for general use. The greatest part of the buildings are of brick, although I saw a few of free-stone. The houses of the nobility are generally splendid, and built in the Italian style of architecture. The harbor is always crowded with merchant ships, and the streets are intersected by broad canals, which bring the merchandize close to the warehouses, which line the quays. The new town, or Frederickstown, (so named from being built by Frederick V.) is extremely beautiful. Its centre is an octagon, containing four broad streets, in opposite directions. In the middle of the area stands an equestrian statue of Frederick V. in bronze, as large as life. Population, about one hundred thousand. A canal or inlet separates Copenhagen from the island of Amak. This island is about four miles long and two broad, and was given to a colony from East Friesland by one of the Danish queens, for

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the purpose of supplying her with vegetables, cheese and butter. The descendants of these colonists and its present inhabitants, and from wearing the original dress, appear like a distant race. There are at Amak, two churches, in which the ministers preach occasionally in Dutch and Danish. The men wear broad brimmed hats, black jackets, black glazed breeches, loose at the knee, and tied around the waist. The women wear black jackets, red petticoats, and a piece of blue cloth tied around their heads. The island is laid out in gardens and pastures ; and still according to the original design, furnishes Copenhagen with milk, butter, and vegetables.

We remained here upon the consuls hands, two or three months, when I shipped on board a Russian vessel, and after a passage of six weeks, devoid of incident I arrived at St. Ubes, almost naked, and completely dispirited,

A fortnight after my arrival at St. Ubes, an American brig came in from Newport, R. I. and I immediately shipped on board her, at twenty-five dollars per month. The captain gave a passage home, to the mate of an American vessel which had been wrecked. This was not only unfortunate for me, but for the whole ship, captain, crew, and all. Our passage was a long one, and during it, nothing happened that would be likely to interest the reader. After we arrived at Newport, we were boarded by the custom-house officers, and in the mattress of the mate just mentioned, upon searching, was found broad-cloths and contraband

goods of various kinds. The vessel was seized, and we lost our wages. There were very few merchant vessels in the harbour, and those that were there, were detained by the embargo. The prospect now began to darken with me, but I was upon American ground, and congratulated myself that I was out of the reach of Spanish dungeons, or inquisitions.

A young man, named John Gaul, and myself, remained on board the brig, as we were out of money, and could not get work. Our provisions, (of which there was not a large stock,) were rapidly consuming, and we began to think of doing something, by which we might earn our bread and butter. We had nothing but a few biscuit left. One morning as we sat at our breakfast of biscuit and *Scotch coffee*, (which is made by burning a biscuit to a coal, and pouring upon it, boiling hot water,) I proposed to my companion to join an United States vessel. He consented, and after swallowing our meal, we started for that purpose. Both of us had been on board men-of-war, and were well acquainted with the usages, and it is no wonder that when we came in sight of the rendezvous, our courage failed, and we returned to the brig. Our dinner was *biscuit and Scotch coffee*, and our supper *Scotch coffee and biscuit*. The next morning, I overhauled my locker, and found that of our stock of provisions, but six *biscuit*, (I am tired of the name,) remained, and I again proposed to John, to ship. This time we were driven by the prospect of starvation, to pass the *Rubicon*, Gaul entered himself by his correct name, but as I had been in

the English service, (at the time I was cast away,) I was fearful of being retaken as an English sailor, and therefore fixed my mark, something in the shape of a dilapidated saw-buck, to the name of *John Brown*, as a seaman in the Navy of the United States.

Five days liberty was allowed us on shore, and during this time, we accompanied a number of sailors to a dancing house, where as we got a little warm, we became rather saucy perhaps, and very soon entered into a quarrel with a party of Spaniards. We were but five in number, and they were fifteen. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, by means of boards which we procured from a neighbouring fence, we in a very short time had flogged the whole of them, some lying upon the ground, apparently "done for," and the remainder making the best of their way to any place, which promised greater security. Upon hauling off to repair damages, I found that most of my clothes were cut off, and that there were one or two slight incisions in my skin and flesh. This was to me the first intimation that I had been meddling with edge tools. Had I known it before, I think there would not so many have been able to run.

Soon after this, we were put on board of "Gun boat No. 1," and I was attached to the gig of Commodore Perry, who was at this time commanding the squadron of gun boats which lay at this place. Three weeks were spent in assisting to row his *honour* about, when I was promoted to the office of master-at-arms on board the gun boat, the term of service of the former incun-

bent⁷ having expired, and he having been discharged. About this time an American merchantmen had been chased on shore on shore by an English man-of-war, upon the opposite side of the island. We started across the land, dragging with us two or three field pieces to the place where she lay. As soon as we arrived, a warmly contested battle commenced, and in about an hour we had driven off the enemy. Two of our men were killed, but I do not know what number of the English. We saved the cargo and all the rigging, sails, &c. of the merchant vessel, and left the hull where it had now ran on shore, as we found it impossible to get her off. This was the hottest piece of work which I had been engaged in, for some time.

Three weeks more ensued, of lazy, inactive life, when Commodore McDonough, who was on Lake Champlain, and who saw a prospect of a fight soon, wrote to Commodore Perry for seamen and marines. Our whole squadron was anxious to go, so much so that when it was announced that volunteers were called for, although I intended to have been the first, the number was made up, before I could get my name put down. I then applied to Commodore Perry, for leave to go, but he at first refused. After a considerable coaxing, however, he consented to release me, and despatched a letter to Commodore McDonough. This day we were presented with twelve dollars each, which we were permitted to spend as we chose, and the reader may guess for himself, what became of a great part of it. The next day we started for Lake Champlain. Before

leaving Newport, I gave a power of attorney to a lawyer, to recover my wages, should the confiscated brig be redeemed. We went as far as Providence by water, and from there by land, to Boston, thence to Whitehall. We had with us a young fellow, who was called *Commodore Pepper*. He was a great annoyance to the country people and house-wives in the district through which we passed. He caught their chickens and geese, by means of a fish-hook and line, baited with corn. He was not liked much by the Landlords either, as he bilked them out of their reckonings, his *prenom*en of "*Commodore*," favouring him. He told them that he was going on to Whitehall, should return in a week, and would settle the bills upon his way back. I do not know what became of poor Tom Pepper. The last that I heard from him, he had been flogged severely and put in chains, merely for answering to the name of *Commodore*, upon one of the western lakes.

At Whitehall, I was put on board a small sloop, where I remained a few hours, when Lieutenant Raymond H. Perry came on board, and enquired for *John Brown*. This young man, I believe was a brother to *Commodore Perry*, and was first Lieutenant on board the *Saratoga*. Upon answering to the enquiry, I was asked if I had been ever on board a man-of-war, and whether I knew the duty of a master-at-arms. I replied that I had served in an English vessel, and was somewhat acquainted with the duty. He then told me that I should fill that station on board the *Saratoga*, that my wages should be twenty-five dollars per month. I had before

received but twelve dollars per month. The next morning I took my station on board the Commodore's ship and entered upon the duties of my office.

At this time, we were in continual expectation of a battle, and armed boats were nightly stationed near the *lines*, with directions to keep a sharp look out, and upon the appearance of any of the evening's vessels, to give the alarm by hoisting a red flag, and firing a musket. The signal, by day, was to be a white flag on Cumberland head.

CHAPTER XVII.

Things remained in this situation until the night of the tenth of September 1814, when we were driven from our moorings by a violent gale. The next morning, which was the Sabbath, was beautiful, and the sun shone in splendour, upon many who before it should set, would be no more. Soon after we had got the ships in line, which had been broken during the night, a white flag was discovered flying from Cumberland head, and immediately after, one of our boats came around the point, firing muskets rapidly, and displaying a red flag at her bow. It was now certain that we should have work to do.

All hands were piped to breakfast, but not ten pounds of provisions were eaten in the ship; for myself, I am willing to confess that I had no appetite.

All hands were then piped to quarters, and soon after called to the quarter deck, when the Commodore briefly addressed us, saying that we had work before us, which *must* be done, that our ships had in almost all engagements, been victorious, and that with our exertions, the righteous cause of liberty, and the help of God, we should undoubtedly be at this time. We gave three hearty cheers, and returned to our stations. Commodore McDonough stepped below to his cabin, to prepare for the fight. He shewed the greatest coolness, that I supposed a man capable of manifesting. Upon

being informed of the appearance of the British brig, he carelessly answered, "very well, the other vessels will soon shew themselves," and when the ship came around the point, he called for a glass of cider from the steward, and drinking it off, repaired to the deck. The engagement commenced at about nine o'clock A. M., and soon became general. The British ship *Confiance* was opposed to our ship, and we suffered much from their fire ; not, however, without the satisfaction of seeing that we returned them as good as they sent. There was at the commencement of the action, some little skulking. It occupied all my leisure to keep back a negro who had come to the hold, or lower gun deck, (where I was stationed, with orders to blow out the brains of any who should retreat to this place, or leave the quarters.) When he first came down, he was so frightened that he could hardly speak. At this time, I was very busy, and could not get at him. However, in passing backwards and forwards, I found some pewter plates, and these I *scaled* at him, until he went on deck. He very soon returned, and said he wanted to *cool himself*! This was a pretty story to tell me. The hold was the hottest place in the ship, and seizing a broomstick, I paid away over his back and shoulders, until he retreated up the ladder. As he was climbing, I continued to beat him, and by the time he reached the upper deck, his stern was covered with ridges, similar to the front of an organ.

One circumstance had a marvellous effect towards encouraging our men. In the hottest part of the action

a game cock, which was on board our ship, flew into the shrouds, and crowed loud and shrill three times; and I was positively assured by a sailor who was on board the *Confiance*, that *their* cock hid his head and skulked like a dastard. The inspiring strains of Chanticleer were answered by the hearty cheers of our men, and their work appeared to be greatly lightened. It was an omen to them of victory.

During this fight, our Commodore had very often to work at the guns personally, and was two or three times driven quite across the deck by splinters.

The number of our guns was about ten less than that of the enemy, and we were every other way inferior, yet in about two hours and a half, we had conquered them all, excepting a few gallies which ran away.

I will here introduce a letter of Commodore McDonough to the Secretary of the Navy, which will be probably interesting, as it was written immediately after the battle, and is of course, more likely to be correct, than I am able to give an account from memory. Captain Henley's letter will also be read with pleasure, by those who have not before had the opportunity. They are as follows:—

Commodore McDonough's Letter.

Lake Champlain, off Plattsburgh, }
U. S. SHIP SARATOGA, Sept. 13, 1813. }

SIR,

I have the honour to give you the particulars of the action which took place on the 11th inst. on this lake.

For several days, the enemy were on their way to Plattsburgh, by land and water, and it being well understood that an attack would be made at the same time by their land and naval forces, I determined to await at anchor, the approach of the latter.

At eight o'clock A. M., the look out boat announced the approach of the enemy. At nine, he anchored in a line ahead, at about three hundred yards distance from my line; his ship opposed to the *Saratoga*, his brig to the *Eagle*, captain Robert Henly, his galleys, thirteen in number, to the schooner, sloop, and a division of our galleys; one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig, the other assisting their galleys: our remaining galleys with the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*.

In this situation the whole force on both sides became engaged, the *Saratoga* suffering much from the heavy fire of the *Confiance*. I could perceive at the same time, however, that our fire was very destructive to her. The *Ticonderoga*, Lieutenant Com. Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten o'clock, the *Eagle*, not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable and anchored in a more eligible posi-

tion, between my ship and the *Ticonderoga*, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately leaving me exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig. Our guns on the starboard side, being nearly all dismounted, or not manageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bow cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the enemy's ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the brig, which surrendered in fifteen minutes after.

The sloop that was opposed to the *Eagle* had struck sometime before, and drifted down the line, the sloop which was with their galleys having struck also. Three of their galleys are said to be sunk ; the others pulled off. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state ; it then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps.

I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off in a shattered condition, for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on ; the lower rigging being nearly all shot away, hung down as though it had been just placed over the mast heads.

The *Saratoga* had fifty-five round shot in her hull, the *Confiance*, one hundred and five. The enemy's shot passed principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes.

The absence and sickness of Lieutenant Raymond Perry, left me without the services of that excellent

officer ; much ought fairly to be attributed to him for his great care and attention in disciplining the ship's crew, as her first Lieutenant. His place was filled by a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Peter Gamble, who, I regret to inform you, was killed early in the action. Acting Lieutenant Vallette worked the first and second divisions of guns with able effect. Sailing Master Brun's attention to the springs, and in the execution of the order to wind the ship, and occasionally at the guns, meets with my entire approbation. also captain Youngs, commanding the acting marines, who took his men to the guns. Mr. Beale, purser, was of great service at the guns, and in carrying my orders throughout the ship, with Midshipman Montgomery. Master's Mate, Joshua Justin, had command of the third division : his conduct during the action was that of a brave correct officer. Midshipman Monteath, Graham, Williamson, Platt, Thwing, and acting Midshipman Baldwin, all behaved well, and gave evidence of their making valuable officers. The Saratoga was twice set on fire by hot shot from the enemy's ship.

I close, sir, this communication with feelings of gratitude, for the able support I received from every officer and man attached to the squadron which I have the honour to command.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. MACDONOUGH.

HON. W. JONES, Secretary of the Navy.

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Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Henley to the Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. BRIG EAGLE, off Plattsburgh, }
September 12, 1814. }

SIR,

Permit me to make you acquainted with that part of the action of yesterday, which was particularly borne by the vessel which I have the honour to command.

Being at anchor in the harbor of Plattsburgh, in a line north and south, at the distance of about one hundred yards, the *Eagle* north, *Saratoga* in the centre, and the *Ticonderoga* south, the enemy approached in a line abreast, with a favourable wind, which enabled him to choose his position; his brig taking his station on the starboard bow of the *Eagle*, at the distance of about a mile, and the sloop *Linnet* of eleven guns, making an effort to obtain a raking position under our stern. Perceiving the object of the sloop, I ordered her a broadside, which immediately compelled her to strike her colours.

At the moment when the enemy's ship had approached within point blank distance, the *Eagle* commenced upon her a most destructive fire of her whole broadside, excepting the two long eighteens forward, which were occasionally discharged at the enemy's brig, which frequently changed its position, and kept up a raking and most destructive fire upon this vessel.

I was confident that it was of the highest importance, in order to insure success, to endeavour first to carry the enemy's *ship*. For a great length of time after the commencement of the action, the ship levelled her whole force upon the *Eagle*, dealing forth destruction.

After having sustained the severest of the action for more than an hour—having my springs shot away—many of our starboard guns disabled, and not being in a situation to bring one of them to bear upon either the enemy's ship or brig, I ordered the cable cut, and cast the brig, taking an advantageous position a little south of the *Saratoga*, bringing my larboard side to bear upon the ship, which was very soon compelled to haul down her colours. Our fire was now directed to the brig, which struck in about eight minutes, and our contest ended in victory. We now turned our attention to the gallies, some of which, it is believed sunk, and the residue made their escape. The *Eagle* was in too shattered a condition to pursue them.

I enclose the surgeon's report of the killed and wounded on board the *Eagle*, by which you will perceive that there were thirteen killed and twenty-seven wounded, most of them severely : also a copy of the report, of the meritorious conduct of my officers and crew, which I made to Commodore McDonough.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT HENLEY.

HON. W. JONES, Secretary of the Navy.

Statement of the forces on either side, engaged.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Saratoga,	26 guns,	Confiance,	39 guns,
Eagle,	20 do.	Linnet,	16 do.
Ticonderoga,	17 do.	Chub,	11 do.
Preble,	7 do.	Finch,	11 do.
14 Gallies,	16 do.	13 Gallies,	18 do.
<hr/> Total 86 guns:		<hr/> Total 95 guns.	

The enemy's metal was altogether heavier than ours, and they certainly supposed that the battle would terminate in their favour. It appears evident that they expected to beat us, and to proceed to the upper end of the lake, and to establish themselves on shore. For this purpose, they had provided themselves with heavy cannon for mounting, and put them on board their vessels to be landed and stationed after the engagement. McDonough found; on examining the prizes, concealed under the platform of the vessels, where they served for ballast, twenty-five pieces of six, nine, twelve and long eighteen pounders, and a large quantity of grape and canister shot,—so happily diverted from their original purpose by the glorious victory of September 11, 1814.

One of the seamen was brought below having been struck by a splinter, and at intervals he would enquire of me, how the battle went. In about half an hour after this, the *Confiance* struck her colours, and upon inform-

ing him of the event, he gave three cheers, and upon learning soon after, that one of the sloops had struck; he *huzzaed* and died.

The two armies upon the land, had engaged at the same time that the fleet commenced their firing, and the British troops attempted at different places, to cross the Saranac. At a ford above the village, the strife was hot and deadly. As often as the enemy advanced into the water, they received a destructive fire from the militia, and their dead bodies floated down the stream, which was literally reddened with blood. The shout of *victory* from the fleet, animated to braver deeds their brethren on the land; and in a few hours the English were entirely routed and dispersed with a loss of about three thousand men.

Seldom has the ocean witnessed a more furious struggle, than took place on the transparent and placid bosom of this little lake, and earth shews but a few spots more deeply died in crimson, than the shores of Plattsburgh.

After getting the prisoners on board, I found that the English sailors had brought with them large canteens of liquor, and were singing and carousing merrily with our seamen.

I reported them to the 2d Lieutenant, (believing that their object might be to intoxicate our men, and attempt to get possession of the vessel.) He told me that I must take the liquor away from them, but upon demanding it, they damned me for a "Yankee son of a bitch," and I found it necessary to arm myself before I could succeed in getting the liquor, which when col-

lected, was thrown overboard, (the usual custom on board men of war.) Our commodore received orders about three weeks after the engagement, to lay up the fleet at Whitehall, which he did. Those who could be spared, were sent on to Lake Ontario. I remained to clean and box up the arms which had been taken, as well as those belonging originally to us. After getting through this work, although still retained in the service, I had nothing to do, and time hung rather heavily upon my hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Passing, one day, a slaughter house, I saw a person engaged in dressing cattle, and as I had no other business, I volunteered my services, in assisting to dress three or four cattle, which offer was accepted. The next day, I again went to the slaughter house, when they were engaged in cutting up the same cattle, and here I recognised my old friend, "Uncle Nat," or as he is called, (since time has scattered her frost upon his locks, and a few good-natured wrinkles, rather *ornament* his face than *disfigure* it,) the "Young Man." I soon scraped acquaintance with him, or rather renewed a former acquaintance. I used very often, to visit this slaughter house, and assist him in his work, and he frequently presented me with a roasting piece of beef, upon which my mess regaled themselves, as this was about the only way that we could get hold of the *fresh*. Five weeks passed in this way, when I was ordered to join the *Independence*, 74, lying at Boston. I came by land, through Lansingburgh and Troy, to Albany. Here we embarked on board a sloop for New-York. Many long years had passed away, of toil and chains, and sufferings, and sickness, and I found myself at the port from which I had started in the morning of my life, a more experienced, if not "a wiser and a better man." When I had left this place, I had believed that the world was all fair and beautiful, and I had now returned to tell the

story that it was a "whited sepulchre." I had left a sister in New-York, and hoping that she still lived, I was anxious to see her. During all my absence, I had received no tidings of home or kindred, and my proximity to any relative, to whom I could relate my wanderings, and hope for commiseration, induced me to apply to the officer commanding, (Lieutenant Valette,) for leave to go on shore. This was refused, on the ground that he did not know how soon the wind might change, and should it be fair before morning, we were to proceed to Boston in a schooner which was chartered, and ready to sail. I replied that I saw no prospect or appearance of a change of wind, but that if it should so happen, I would take a land carriage to Boston,—but he still refused to let me go. The captain of the vessel overheard this conversation, and came to me and said "Master-at-arms, you can be put on shore by my boat after dark, and by taking care to get off early in the morning, your absence will not be discovered." I thanked him for his kind offer, and accepted it, and was accordingly, soon after dusk, rowed to the wharf. After getting on shore, I travelled about, a stranger in the home of my childhood. My sister had removed from her former place of residence, and I could learn no tidings of her. The night wore late, and I could not procure lodgings, every public house being *professedly* filled. In this dilemma, I applied to a watchman. He told me that he was acquainted with my brother-in-law, but could not tell where he lived. After trying to procure lodging for me, in vain, he invited me to go with

him to the watch-house, which I did. Before day-break, and as soon as I could hear any one stirring, I started again for the house occupied by my brother-in-law and sister, when I left New York. I here found a young lad, and enquired whether he was acquainted with John Garret. He said he was, and I gave him two shillings to pilot me to his door. He was just rising as I arrived there, and after making myself known to him, he acquainted my sister with my coming. I had supposed that tears could not be wrung from me, but I was mistaken, for upon this interview I wept like a child. My sister urged me to leave the service, but as I had not yet received my pay, I refused, and after a short stay, I left her, and hired a boat to convey me on board the sloop, which I reached so early, that I had not been missed.

We soon after were transferred to the schooner, and the wind hauling round favorable, in the afternoon we started for Boston. The wind continued fair, until we got out of Long Island Sound, when it headed us, and we put into Newport. To some of my readers a hasty sketch of the general appearance of this place, may not be uninteresting. It stands on the south or southeast side of the island, and is about five miles from the sea. The harbour spreads to the westward before the town, is one of the finest in the world, and is defended by a fortification upon Goat Island. The town is built on a beautiful declivity or slope, rising gradually from the water, and presenting a splendid view as we enter the harbor, which is deep enough for ships of the great-

est burthen, and large enough for the largest fleet. The handsome situation, and the salubrity of the climate, have made Newport a place of considerable fashionable resort. After we had come to anchor, I was dispatched, by the Lieutenant, with the boat and six men, to procure a supply of water. After bringing one boat load, it being late in afternoon, I requested permission to stay on shore during the night, which was granted. I then went to the lawyer, with whom I had left my bill of wages against the vessel which was seized here, as I have mentioned in another part of my story. He had recovered for me fifty-dollars, and retaining for his trouble, five dollars, he paid me the balance. (This money came very opportunely, as my pockets were almost untenanted.)

The next morning upon going to the wharf, I saw that the vessel had gone, and was soon met by the Lieutenant, who had also spent the night on shore. We were now left to find our way to Boston, as well as we could. We hired separate conveyances by land thither, and I reached Boston before either the Lieutenant or vessel. Two days after my arrival, the vessel came in, and I immediately went on board and reported myself. From the vessel, we went to the navy-yard, off which the Independence was lying, and on board of which we were soon after ordered. Upon answering to my assumed name of *John Brown*, I was told that I should still retain the office of Master-at-arms, which I had held on board the *Saratoga*, and at the same wages (\$25 per month.) We remained here about three

weeks, when we supposed we were ready for sea. Upon trying the ship, in the Bay with a light breeze, we found that she was very *crank*, and would hardly "stand up." This was owing to having her heavier guns upon the upper deck, partly, and partly to the build of the ship. We returned to the navy yard, and shifted her guns, putting her long thirty-two pounders upon her lower deck, and replacing them upon the upper deck, with short 32's. She was now in better trim, although Comodore Bainbridge never carried a press of sail upon her, while I was on board.

CHAPTER XIX.

Man is a strange animal, and no where, better than on ship-board, can the slightest difference in the nature of the *species*, be discovered. I have now in my possession a small portion of my "*Morning Reports*" containing but 110 names, of those who were imprisoned and under my charge for petty offences, but this will serve to shew the vast difference in officers. Some will be sure of the good will of every sailor under their command, while others would hardly get a line thrown to them, if they were overboard. Of thirteen Lieutenants (including those who were on board, waiting for orders to join their respective vessels) Lieutenant Finch was the most tyrannical. More than one third of the above number of prisoners (as appears by the before mentioned "Report") were confined by his orders, and that too, (as also appears from the same document) for the most trifling matters, no other officer, condescending to commit a sailor for insolent language, (none ever, in fact being made use of, to any one but him.)

After a passage of about three weeks, we arrived at Gibraltar and anchored off this place, where we remained five days, getting in water and provisions, when we weighed anchor and proceeded up the Mediteranean to Tunis. I will here give a copy of a letter from Com. Bainbridge to the Secretary of the navy.

"U. S. SHIP INDEPENDENCE, off the Bay of Tunis, }
September 6, 1815. }

I had the honour of making communications to you from Carthage on the 10th ultimo, from which place I sailed with the Independence, Congress, Erie, Chipewa and Spark, destined for Tripoli, having learned that a misunderstanding existed between the Bashaw of that place, and our Consul residing there. On my way I called at Algiers to exhibit this additional force off there, presuming it would have some weight, in preserving the peace which had just been made; for the only mode of convincing these people is by ocular demonstration:

On my arrival off Tripoli, I learned that Commodore Decatur, had been there with the first squadron, and had adjusted our differences, which existed at that place. Our Consul at Tripoli informed me, that the exhibiting of our naval force before Tripoli, had produced a most favorable change in the disposition of the Bashaw for preserving the peace with us.

At Tripoli, learning that the Bey of Tunis was restless towards the United States, I immediately proceeded, with the vessel with me, for that place.

On my arrival at Tunis, I learned by letter from our Consul there, that the Bey and his officers were friendly disposed towards us.

Having, agreeably to your instructions, exhibited the force under my command to all the Barbary powers,

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(and which, I believe, will have a tendency to prolong our treaties with them,) I have only now, in further obedience to those instructions, to return with the squadron to the United States."

A few days before our arrival, Decatur had succeeded in bringing the Algerines, Tripolitans, and Tunisians to their senses, and was about concluding with them a treaty highly honorable to our country, and we found ourselves deprived of the sport we had anticipated with the turbaned and mustachioed gentry.

We remained at Carthage until the squadron was ready to sail. It required about four weeks to collect the vessels, and we then started on our return to the United States. We touched at Gibraltar for the purpose of getting fresh provisions, vegetables &c., and while here we were visited by a number of British officers, who expressed their admiration of the Independence, declaring that they had never seen so beautiful a piece of naval architecture. Commodore Bainbridge led them through every part of the vessel, and I had an opportunity of hearing their remarks, which were those of the most decided admiration, particularly of the guns in our foretop, which discharged by a single snap of the cock, a great number of balls in rapid succession.

Our cook here shewed his skill at making soup. He put into the copper, beef, potatoes, onions, watermelons, pumpkins, corn, garlic and every thing else which the ship or the markets on shore could afford, and such soup as this, never was, and I venture to say, never will

be again seen or tasted. Our fleet was highly respected in the Mediteranean, an evidence of which, is the giving up, or waiving the claim of tribute, which they required of every other nation, to the state of Algiers.

It is said the Dey, very reluctantly, gave up all idea of receiving tribute from the Americans, and alleged among other things, that other nations, if he consented, might take advantage of it, and perhaps unite and occasion his destruction. He said it was not the amount or value of the thing he was particular about, but the receiving something annually from the Americans, would add to his security, if it were only a little powder.

Commodore Decatur answered him, that he thought it very probable, if he insisted upon receiving *powder* from the Americans as tribute, his wishes would be gratified, but he certainly must expect to receive *balls* with it.—His Deyship conceded the point.

The Spaniards did not know what to make of us. They said that we had beat the English, who beat the French, who beat *them*, who nobody ever beat before, —and the Algerines, whom the devil could not beat.

At the time when Decatur arrived in sight of Gibraltar, a great number of British officers and citizens and among them an American gentleman, were assembled on an eminence to view the American fleet. Decatur entered the harbor with his squadron in a very fine style; sailed around, and went out without coming to anchor, —his object being merely to make signals to the sloop of War *Ontario*. The British officers were very desirous of knowing the different names of the vessels of

the squadron as they approached. The shrewd American pretended to know the names of every vessel, the moment he saw her broadside, and they crowded around him for information. The first he said, was the *Guerriere*; the next the *Macedonian*; the next was the *Java*; the next was the *Epervier*; the next the *Peacock*; (all captured from the British during the war) the next ———— “Never mind the *next*” said they, and moved off, highly disgusted with the names of the Yankee squadron.

CHAPTER XX.

Our passage from Carthagená to Boston, took about four weeks, and as the time for which I had shipped had long before expired, I looked to be discharged, but by an unaccountable *mistake*, I found (or rather was told by Lieutenant Finch) that I had still six months to serve. This seemed the more inexplicable to me, as John Garret who had enlisted with me at Newport, (one pen filled with ink serving to write both names,) was discharged immediately upon our arrival at Boston. I applied to the Lieutenant for my discharge and was refused it. I then procured a letter to be written to Com. Bainbridge, who was on shore. The next day he came on board, and told me that although the roll did not authorise my discharge, yet he had so much confidence in my assertion, that I should be immediately released from the service. He went on shore and I did not see him for about a fortnight. I requested my discharge from Lieutenant Finch often, and was as often refused. Upon Commodore Bainbridge's again coming on board, I complained to him. He appeared to be in a passion at the treatment I had received, said that he had ordered the Lieutenant to discharge me, and calling upon him said, "Mr. Finch, let the master-at-arms be released from service this day,—look to it." The purser was on shore. He was immediately sent for, and I was discharged. My wages, together with the prize-money of

the vessels captured on Lake Champlain, amounted at this time, to \$1,721, for which sum I received a cheque on the U. S. Branch Bank at Boston.

From Boston, I took the stage to New York, and called to see my old employer John Fink. He was not at home, and I went into the house, and commenced a conversation with Mrs. Fink. I told her that I had a message from one John Edsall to Mr. Fink, that Edsall was at Boston, &c. After a short talk, I told her my name, and was obliged to relate some little anecdotes, which I knew she recollected, before she would believe me. The next day I called, and found Mr. Fink at home. I enquired what he meant by sending me off in the expedition. He replied that he was as ignorant as myself, as to the nature of it. After giving him a pretty severe blessing (for I could then *swear* equal to a privateersmen) I left him, my mind more at ease, and better-natured towards him and every one else.

I now rented a stall or shop on Manhattan Island, and followed the butchering and marketing business about ten months, at the end of which time, I took an *observation*, and making a *calculation*, I found I was making *stern-way*.

Mr. John Fink had agreed to pay me \$15 per month for the time I was gone on the *expedition*, (or to *guard the mail*) and I now determined to be even with him if possible, and called upon him to purchase four cattle for me, which he did. These I paid for, in hopes to get a better haul from him. I soon after, got him to purchase four head of cattle more for me. These I did not pay

for, nor did I intend to do so. I entered into a speculation here, which was about as profitable as a great many of my subsequent ones have been. I bought in company with a friend, a cargo of staves and advanced \$40 on them, but not liking the looks of the vessel which we had chartered to ship them in, I chose to keep out of the way and lose my \$40 rather than take them. Nothing but the paint, which had lately been laid on with an unsparing hand, kept our chartered vessel together, and I believed it better to throw away a little than to lose the whole. I did however lose the whole in the end, but as the reader is already tired of my prolixity, I will not trouble him with the circumstances. I procured my bills to be made out, and leaving them in the hands of an officer for collection, I shipped on board the brig Ransom for Bordeaux.

Our passage from New York had been of five weeks duration, when we arrived on the coast of France. We had missed the harbor of Bordeaux, owing to cloudy weather, which prevented us from getting an observation. The weather was very tempestuous, and heavy winds blowing on shore. After lying "off and on" for three days, a pilot came out and offered to conduct us into port, and he directed us to follow his boat, which we did. In a short time after this, a squall struck us, and knocked the vessel upon her beams-ends, and we were entirely under water for some time, when she righted, and we, at last, got safely into the harbor of Bordeaux. I had here a considerable leisure time on shore, and spent it pleasantly. A method of getting a

livelihood in this place, was to me altogether novel, although perhaps it is common throughout all France. A parcel of idle fellows too lazy to work, and too cowardly to steal, procure half a dozen young *dogs*, and train them to dancing. They come into town with these puppies in panniers, *three*, dressed in male attire, occupying one basket, and *three others*, clothed in female dress the opposite one, and where they see two or three persons sitting at the windows, or gathered in groups in the street, they unloose the dogs from their confinement, and the strolling musician commences playing a lively air upon a flute. The dogs pair off in couples, and I venture to say that jigs and reels, which I have seen them dance, could not be surpassed by many of our nimblest cotillion dancers, though taught by a stray-French-fiddling-pirouetting-chasseeing-dos-a-dos-ing vagabond, who might condescend to leave teaching dogs in *his own country*, for the nobler employment of learning bipeds in *ours*, how often it is genteel to cross legs before the ladies, (giving us probably the advantage in number of flourishes, as the dogs have it in the number of legs.)

We staid here five weeks unloading our cargo, which consisted of flour, pork and beef, and sailed for St. Petersburg (Russia) to get in a return cargo of iron and hemp. Upon our arrival here, the Captain ordered the cook to secrete the lamps and oil-cans during the day. This he neglected, and the consequence was, that upon completing our lading, we found that the Russians who were hired to assist in loading the vessel, had eaten

up almost all our oil, using it instead of butter upon their bread. Indeed, they actually emptied it from the lamps, and drank it with the greatest avidity.

CHAPTER XXI.

We were at St. Petersburg about two months, discharging and taking in cargo, when we started for New-York. We had on board a man named William Flannigan, who was shipped as an able seaman, but who was totally ignorant of his duty. This made our's the more laborious, as we were obliged to hand, reef, and steer for him. The captain and mate were particularly vexed with him, and put him to the meanest duties on board ship.

One day he had a quarrel with the mate, who had him tied hand and foot, and was about throwing him neck and heels into the boat, for the purpose of sending him on shore to be put in prison. As the boat lay ten feet down from the gangway, the crew considered this as a hazardous experiment, and we interfered, and probably saved the poor fellow's neck from being broke. The mate soon got over his passion, and the man went to his duty, which I have before mentioned as being the dirtiest, most arduous, and most dangerous in the ship.

This was to him a lesson (which it is not likely he ever forgot,) not afterwards to ship for a berth which he could not fill.

Nothing remarkable happened during this voyage, and as seamen's wages were very low, I hired to work as a butcher, with one Thomas Dunning, of Harlaem,

at which business I continued for six months. I had a rather monotonous time of it, riding about the country peddling meat, and slaughtering it, occupying the whole.

While at this business I again came near my end. Riding to town to buy a pair of cattle, my horse stumbled, and we both fell, and for some time I was entirely insensible. When I recovered, I found my faithful beast standing near, and gazing piteously upon me. This is the only circumstance which strikes me *forcibly*, that it is likely any person will care of reading it.

Wages getting higher, I shipped on board a brig for Baltimore, as seaman, with an "*adventure*" of fifty barrels of apples, my own property. While engaged in loading her, as a number of us were lifting boxes of copper, upon poles, the whole weight slipped down upon me.

I felt quite a shock at the time, but continued at my work until I could work no longer, and went forward to the gunnel, over which I leaned. Cold chills ran over me, and I grew rapidly worse. The mate came to me, and enquired whether I was ill. I told him that I believed it was nothing but a touch of the fever and ague, from which I thought I should soon recover. He advised me to go below, which I did, and continued to grow continually more unwell, until the next morning, when I was taken to my sister's house, where I lay unable to help myself in or out of bed, for six weeks; at the end of which time, I received, as a consolation for paying a doctor's bill, the pleasing intelligence, that my

apples, for which I had paid twelve shillings per barrel, had actually netted me ten shillings each barrel !

After my recovery, I shipped on board the brig *Fanny*, for Madeira, which place we reached in seven weeks, after a very hard passage, the weather being extremely tempestuous and rainy.

Upon the passage we had put into Havana, in the island of Cuba, for water. I was sent with the boat to fill the water-casks, and as "first come, first served" was the motto here, I bid fair to be soon supplied, as there was but one Spanish boat before me at the fountain. Just as this boat was filled, another came up, and endeavoured to cut me out. Upon my remonstrating with the Spaniard who commanded it, he drew a knife. This *raised* my Yankee spirit, and I *raised* my oar and knocked him stiff. Upon recovering, he was very peaceable, and I soon had my casks filled.

At Madeira we took in a cargo of wines and fruit in exchange for lard, beef, pork, and other provisions which occupied us about five weeks, at the end of which time, we started homeward. Our passage was a pleasant one, until we got off Barnegat shoals, when we ran upon the rocks, where the vessel and cargo was entirely lost. A pilot boat, providentially came in sight, we were taken up, and conveyed to New-York, without the loss of any lives.

Having received two or more letters from Samuel Baker, who had been a gunner on board the *Saratoga*, and who was living at Whitehall, desiring me to come and see him. I had about sickened of the sea, and con-

cluded to visit him. At Lansingburgh I met with a young man named Mathew Bird, a fellow apprentice, who was foreman in Horace Turner's slaughter house. He offered to procure me work, and I staid here two months at the rate of twelve shillings per day and my board. This was a very fair business; and I do not recollect, that any thing, either marvellous, disastrous, or lamentable, occurred, excepting that I once cut my finger badly, while engaged in carving stolen poultry. At the end of this time, I went to Whitehall, upon my visit to Mr. Baker, where I spent three weeks, very pleasantly. I then started for New-York, and stopping at Lansingburgh, called to see Mr. Turner. He enquired whether I wished to procure work, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he told me that John Grace, from Catskill, wanted a journeyman. I had an interview with this person, which ended in my agreeing to work for him, at the rate of fifteen dollars a month, with board, washing, &c.

Fifteen years ago, in the month of March, I arrived at this place; and here I am likely to remain, during the residue of my fleeting days; and I know not that I ought to wish for a more comfortable resting-place, after a life of vicissitudes.

As *marriage* is considered one of the *eras* in the life of man, it may not be amiss, or entirely out of place here, to mention that I have launched into the ocean of matrimony; and although it would be arrogance for *me*, to boast that the partner of my bosom, is "beautiful

as an Houri" yet I may be permitted to say, that she answers my purpose as a good housewife, an affectionate and prudent companion, ministering cheerfully to my comfort.

I now bid adieu to those who have lent their attention to the story of my wanderings ; with fervent and heartfelt wishes, that they may pass through this world, at best "a fleeting show," peacefully, as it is the privilege of man to journey ; and that the imperfect narrative, which they have now perused, may never be presented to them, in a more sad reality, than as "a tale that is *told*."

JOHN EDSALL.

APPENDIX.

(A.)

The following extract from the United Service Journal, will serve as a corroboration of my story, and will show some facts with which I was at the time, unacquainted. It is from the Journal of an officer on board the CLEOPATRA.

“Whilst cruising in H. M. Ship Cleopatra, 450 miles to the southward of the Bermudas, we fell in with a war-like-looking ship, on the 12th February, 1806 ; chase was immediately given, and in a short time we hove-to along side of her. She was a fine roomy corvette, mounting eighteen or twenty guns, under American colours, and called the “Leander ;” her decks were crowded with men, mostly landsmen. The officers of the frigate were rubbing their hands with great glee, anticipating a rich prize ; and all were busy in conjecturing what she was, and where her destination could be. America being neutral at that time ; that she was fitted for war there could be no question ; and it was equally apparent that she was not a national ship. From the vague and evasive answers which were given to the questions of the boarding officer

by those of the *Leander*, and the appearance of saddles and accoutrements for dragoons between decks, suspicion began to arise as to the lawfulness of their intentions, and it was supposed that the assumed flag of the United States, which nation we knew was not numbered among the belligerents, was merely a cloak to cover their designs. Some amongst us thought that the system of Buccaneering had revived, and that the expedition was destined against the Spanish ports of South America, by the way, as in olden time, of the Isthmus of Darien: others considered her as a pirate of a new order, who intended to scour the coasts of Spanish America simultaneously by sea and land; that the landsmen on board were to be employed in that way as "Horse-marines;" while the most discerning, though less enthusiastic speculators, soberly thought that the expedition, notwithstanding the mystery in which it appeared to be involved, was duly authorized by some power.

Several hours were consumed in endeavours to discover by interrogatories their intentions and destination, but to no purpose. The second lieutenant and a midshipman of the frigate were sent on board to examine her minutely, to search her holds, and to find out what were the contents of her cargo: on requesting a light and lantern for this purpose, the chief officer under the captain, who appeared an active intelligent young man,* declined compli-

* This gentleman's name was Sullivan: he was the son of a merchant (a native of Ireland) of Boston, in New-England. The love of enterprise had led him to embark with *Miranda*, and in this unfortunate expedition he was taken prisoner, and condemned to the mines. It is singular that the mid above spoken of, happened to be on board the vessel of war which received Mr. S. off Carthagena, when he escaped from prison.

ance, as an accident might happen, and the ship be set on fire ; he at last reluctantly consented, and said he would himself bring it down. The Mid descended into the lower deck, and was perfectly surprised at the appearance it made ; saddles, bridles, hussar-jackets, sabres, pistols, carbines, cloaks, belts, cartridge boxes, helmets, and other trappings and habiliments of war, lay scattered about in every direction. After examining every part of this deck, he went into the main-hatch-way to wait for the light ; in a short time the officer descended with it, and as the Mid took it from him, he whispered, " Take my advice, and do not remove the light from the lantern," and immediately jumped upon the main-deck. The Mid was not at all disposed to follow the Mate's advice, as he considered (under the influence of impressions which had been forced upon our minds from appearances, &c.) it had been given merely because he did not wish the cargo to be examined with scrutiny. On taking a glance along the line of hold, the Mid found an entire tier, fore-and-aft, of wine pipes, and as he could not see what was beneath these, he laid himself down at length upon them, and taking the candle from the lantern, let it down in his hand, as far as the length of his arm would admit, between the angle formed by the chimes of the casks ; this gave him a view down to the keelson, and there appeared to be three tiers of wine pipes, and nothing else : whilst making sure of this, by removing from side to side of the vessel, and as far forward and aft as he could go, his attention was arrested by a confusion upon deck ; he was shortly afterwards called by name, and requested by the mate to come upon deck. On going up he met Lieut. L——, who informed

him that, in consequence of his having taken the candle out of the lantern, and lowered it between the casks, the officers of the ship had become alarmed, and disclosed a part of their secret; which was, that most of the casks contained gunpowder! This article being contraband, the Captain of the ship, of course, could not be expected, except in a case of necessity, to make a gratuitous confession; the necessity, however, seemed very apparent, as a spark from the candle lodging upon the chips and straw which lay at the bottom of the hold, would have set fire to the ship, and blown her up, and thus all their hopes of glory and gold would have ended "in smoke."

Our lieutenant, (a nephew of Earl L——,) an accomplished, honourable, and most worthy young officer, in the mean time, had been endeavouring to sift out from the captain, officers, and passengers, the destination of the armament, as it now clearly appeared that, beside the crew, there were many soldiers on board, and a fat elderly gentleman who was styled "General;" but as no farther information could be obtained, and the commander pertinaciously refused to give a satisfactory account of his vessel, the captain of the frigate sent to inform him, that it was his intention to conduct him to the Admiral at Bermuda. Upon the intimation, the old gentleman who was styled "General," requested permission to go on board the *Cleopatra*, to commune with her commander. This was instantly granted, and he was taken on board in the frigate's boat. He was a fleshy, swarthy man, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, without the slightest *air militaire*, about him: had I been asked his profession and nation, I certainly should have said he was a French

traiteur—to have taken him for a soldier and a Spaniard, I never should, so likely are we to be deceived in our opinions. The old gentleman had some difficulty to get up the ship's side; but he disdained assistance, and trivial as this circumstance was, it served to show that there was energy in the mind, whatever want of it may have appeared in the outward semblance of the patriotic leader. On observing a young midshipman steering the boat, he remarked that it was no wonder that the British were so superiour to other nations at sea, when they enter at so early an age on their professional duties.

The officers of the frigate were sanguine in their hopes, that the ship would be sent in, and prove a valuable prize; and there is little doubt that had she been detained for adjudication, her condemnation would have followed, although it is more than probable she would have been released: but whether, under such peculiar circumstances, the government at home would have paid her value as prize-money to the captors, is a question I cannot resolve: however, this expectation of the officers, after the lapse of a few hours, was completely set aside: the old "General" was conveyed back to the ship, and in a short time we mutually separated. It afterwards appeared that the old gentleman was no other personage than the celebrated General Miranda, and that this expedition (of which the *Leander* was the herald) was the first undertaken in the cause of South American independence, and had been fitted out in the United States of North America, to act against the Caraccus: he was himself a native of that part of the continent, but had been a general in the French republican service. Our government, it appeared, coun-

tenanced and encouraged this expedition: the general is said to have laid a letter from the Right Hon. William Pitt himself on the subject, before the captain of this frigate; and this, according to the report on board, was the reason of his vessel not having been detained by the *Cleopatra*. The general's expedition, as might have been anticipated from the motley band who served under him, was unsuccessful, and he ultimately perished by treachery; nevertheless, it roused the slumbering spirit of revolt throughout Spanish America, and which, after a severe struggle, has been crowned with success: but, I believe, the name of General Miranda is forgotten by his countrymen, who, most certainly, owe his memory some tribute for his having been, as it were, the directing spirit towards their emancipation.

In the *Cleopatra* during a dark night, we came up unexpectedly alongside of a large ship, which being hailed, answered "Mark Antony;" she, in her turn, asked "What ship?" and the response was "*Cleopatra*."—This is one of those coincidences often met with in the events of the world. A similar one occurred at a British port about two years ago, in the arrival, on the 18th of June, of the ships *Wellington* and *Waterloo*.

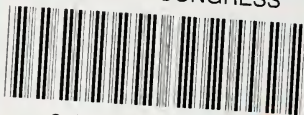
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